

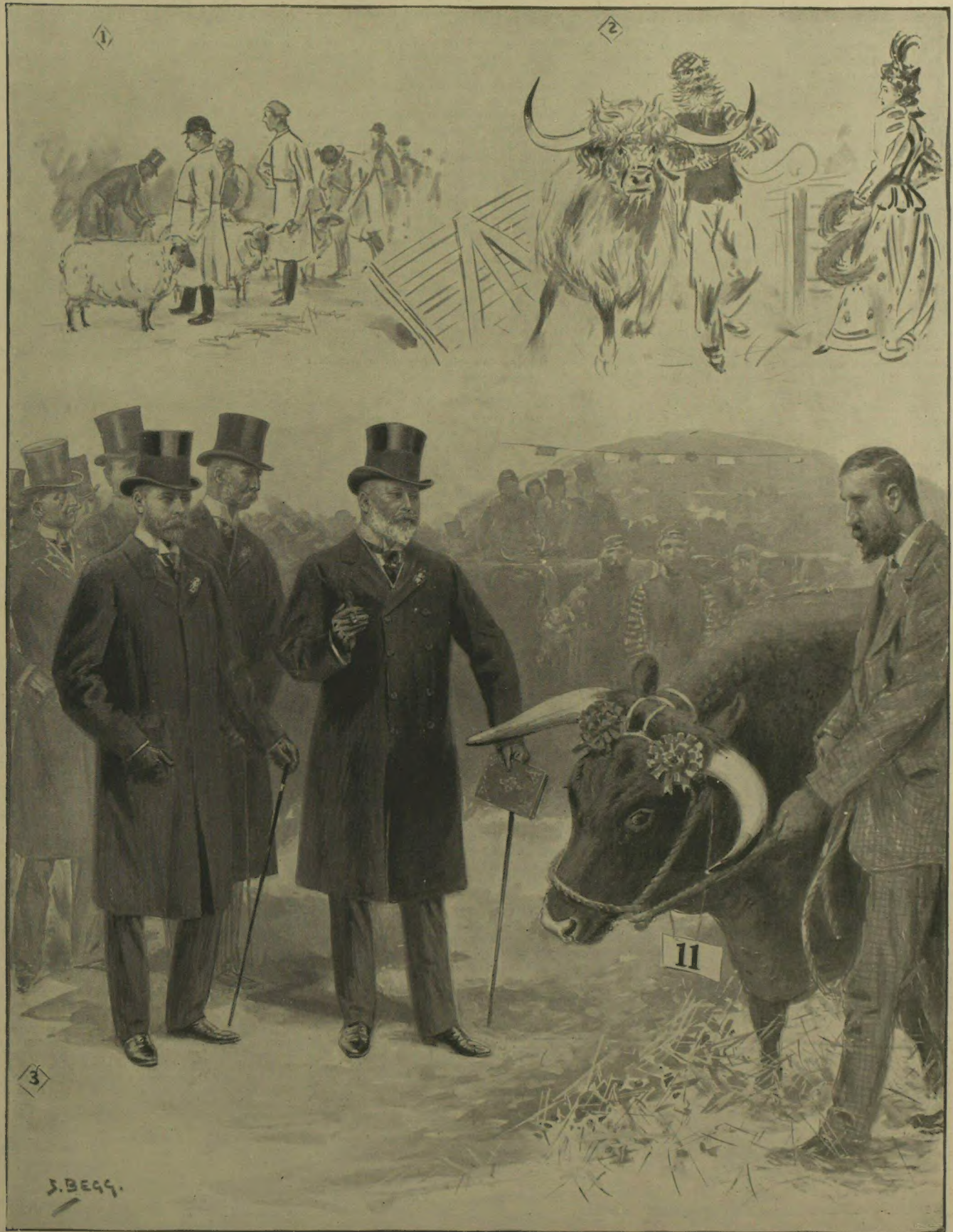
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

WITH SUPPLEMENT! SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



1. Their Last Appearance.

2. A Wild Pair from the North.

3. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York looking at the "Best Devon" in the Show, owned by H.M. the Queen.

THE CENTENARY CATTLE SHOW OF THE SMITHFIELD CLUB AT ISLINGTON.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is always a craving to ask old gentlemen why they have lived so long and how they like it. I admire the venturesome person who puts these questions to aged notables, and prints the answers in an article which he calls "The Secret of Long Life." Still more do I admire the patience and affability of the witnesses, for if I were very old and eminent, and somebody sent me a catechism about my feelings, I should be inclined to answer, "You seem to think, Sir, that my lingering above ground needs explanation and even apology. Confound your impertinence!" Perhaps this only shows how difficult it is to project oneself into old age, its habits and sentiments. I imagine now that at eighty I shall be morbidly sensitive in the presence of young seekers after knowledge, and that at a hundred I shall dwell in subterranean halls like the eccentric Duke of Portland. But when I look around upon the old men of my acquaintance, I don't perceive this shrinking from publicity. They may be deaf, and short of sight and wind; they may eat strange meals, and comport themselves generally to the wonder of the club waiters; but their self-confidence is so immense that they have not a faculty which recognises even the shadow of decay. Nay, so paradoxical is the time in which we live that many old people are much more youthful in mind than the nominally young, who are crushed by the tragedy of the life they have scarcely begun.

"At twenty-three," remarked to me a citizen of worship and renown, "I was an old man. Now I am rising sixty I feel that I have left old age behind me." How do you account for this? It has something to do with responsibilities. The old gentleman of three-and-twenty had heavy cares. At sixty he is inquiring into the vicissitudes of coffee-making in Western Europe. "Believe me," he says gravely, "there is no coffee west of Vienna. For the traveller, civilisation begins in that favoured city. Do you know that the Viennese have striven to introduce coffee into this country? Yes, Sir, in a true missionary spirit they sent the finest berries and the most expert coffee-makers to London, and what was the result? Something in the air, something in the water, something in our social system, baffled their skill, and the missionaries blushed for their own coffee!" I glance at him across a cup of some turbid stuff which at the club is called Turkish, and I see him growing visibly younger with this stimulating idea. When he is a centenarian, he will tell the collector of facts about longevity: "I make an annual pilgrimage to Vienna to drink the only true elixir," and this will be duly printed in a popular magazine as the "secret of long life."

It is a comfort to note that the long-lived personages cited as witnesses are not dogmatic about food and drink, though some of them deprecate alcohol and tobacco. The Archbishop of Canterbury lays down no rubric, but hints that tobacco is annoying to people who don't smoke. A casuist once argued that a Bishop might preserve his dignity on a bicycle, provided that he did not "coast" downhill. May a pipe consort with an Archbishop; or must the smoking curate, who has his eye on the See of Canterbury, withdraw his custom and his benison from tobaccoists before he reaches it? These questions are too profound for a mere layman; but a respectful protest may be addressed to M. Jules Verne, who insists that the blessing of vigorous old age comes from six hours' sleep. If you like seven, you are "lazy," and if any man can be convicted of sleeping eight hours, away with him! There seems a lack of humour in this "philosophy"; and here it must be confessed that in the entire gallery there is no distinctively humorous personality. All these ecclesiastics, philanthropists, economists, politicians, and very mild romancers, talk about work with painful iteration. Not one of them testifies that his years have been prolonged by any zest for the incongruities and ironies of life. Is it only the methodically serious who possess the "secret"?

There may be method in humour, or in the application of it. In the advertisement columns of a literary journal I perceive an artist who is in need of "JOKES (good)." He is prepared to pay as much as three-and-sixpence or even five shillings, but he must have "a written guarantee" that the jokes are "original." This condition is in itself a meritorious piece of humour; but, as Mr. Barrie's Tammas Haggart observed in a moment of inspiration, "to mak' a joke and see it is twa folk's work!" Hence the advertiser's crying need of collaboration. As I have pointed out to him his own joke (to which he can easily attach a picture representing Tammas ejaculating to a co-operator, "Heh, man! but whaur's the written guarantee?"), perhaps he will favour me with a postal order for the larger sum. I take a benevolent interest in his case, because it is plain that if he is to be enshrined one day amongst the ancient worthies of the *Windsor Magazine* somebody must supply him with jokes. A society might be formed, and call itself "The Jocular Provident Fund for Comic Draughtsmen." The Fund might have an annual dinner, at which the distinguished

chairman (some veteran philanthropist) would deliver himself in these terms: "I learn from your excellent secretary's report that 2195 jokes have been distributed during the past year, as compared with 1872 jokes in the year preceding. [Loud cheers.] Gentlemen, I know what this progress means. It is the proud boast of your society that while its artists grow old, its jests do not. You will make your draughtsmen hale and hearty centenarians, but upon your jokes will rest the morning dew of eternal spring. [Great cheering.]"

M. Sarcey ought to be enlisted in this amiable project. He has published a letter from an unknown lady who offers herself as cook in his household, and proposes to go to the play in a becoming toilette when he is indisposed, and do his theatrical criticism for him. "I write English," says this accomplished woman, who suggests that she should spread M. Sarcey's reputation to this island and America. He has declined these services—cookery, criticism, English glory, and all—perhaps with a mistaken sense of patriotism, more probably with a misgiving that the criticism and the becoming toilette would not agree with the cookery. Or M. Sarcey may regard this as another proof that woman is seeking to thrust us from our stools. Is not a female advocate at this moment clamouring for admission to the Paris Bar? Anyway, the cook who would be a dramatic critic ought to be worth more than three-and-six to the comic artist in need of inspiration. Then there are the ladies of Philadelphia, who have drawn up a code for balls, and fixed two a.m. for "lights out." When youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet, they are not disposed to call a halt at two o'clock. But the Philadelphian ladies have unsparing ideals. When their husbands and brothers were fighting before Santiago, with nothing to eat but "bacon and hard tack," the women at home (as Mr. Harding Davis tells us) ate "bacon and hard tack" at their luncheon-parties. They forgot that the fare which was a desperate and dyspeptic hardship to them was none at all to hungry men in the open air, with battle to give an edge to appetite. But they are not the women to heed luxurious prejudice on the subject of "lights out." Will no tenderly humorous pencil do them justice?

Or take the distinguished actress who has been inveighing against the evil of over-dressing. All the colours of the rainbow, she says, assail her eyes when she meets one of her professional sisters. Well, any suggestion of a rainbow is grateful to me in the London streets on a December day. Surely it is impossible for women to be over-dressed in our sombre climate. I want to see them making the fog luminous with crimsons and violets from Oxford Circus to St. Clement Danes. Reformers despair of persuading some millions of citizens to lighten the pall that hangs over London at this season by burning a certain kind of smokeless coal. You cannot interest the soul of woman in that aim. But why not exhort her to display her public spirit by wearing the most brilliant raiment? Let the wives and daughters of the ratepayers point out to them that it is a civic duty to disperse the gloom by a special expenditure on dress, and that a new mantle is not a gratification of personal vanity, but a minister to the common weal. We cannot keep our buildings beautiful, even when beauty is vouchsafed to them, because they are ruined by soot; but woman is caressed, not disfigured, by the climate, and she has only to break out in rainbows to complete the conquest. Here is a theme for the artist who wishes to stimulate the aesthetic perceptions of his race. I call it cheap at five shillings.

If he goes in for irony—for deep thrusts at human weakness—let him cast his eye on the bird-fanciers in Hyde Park. There is a benevolent person who likes to feed the pigeons, and when they flock around him, and settle with innocent confidence on his hat, he is a beatific picture of goodwill. But to him enters another bird-fancier, equally intent on regaling the pigeons, and in an instant that simple, pastoral scene is distorted by the fiercest passions. You would never believe that the hearts of men, devoted to the welfare of pigeons, could be torn by such fiendish jealousy. These gentlemen brandish fists full of pigeon-food at one another, and shout warlike defiance, while the objects of their bounty show no partiality for either, and would be glad to see a dozen of them. It is a pleasing study which teems with morals; and to the artist I am trying to befriend it offers the simplest pictorial satire. Some dog-lovers are also worthy of his notice. There is Ouida, who has written a story of a poor little Italian boy attached to a travelling show. He is ill-treated by his master, and his only comfort is a small terrier. That terrier is the victim of wanton malice. First he is run over by a callous cyclist; then he is bludgeoned to death by a rustic policeman, who pretends that he is mad. With the dead body of the dog in his arms, the little Italian boy wades out to sea and drowns himself. Ouida is evidently persuaded that this is a fair picture of our rural manners and of English ideas of humanity in the treatment of animals. If my artist wants a bitter jest, here is one to his hand. He is welcome to it, with the other notions; and as I am not mercenary, I will take seventeen-and-six for the lot.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, whose visit to Netley Hospital on Saturday, described separately, is another token of her regard for her wounded soldiers, has her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, still her guest at Windsor Castle. Among the Queen's visitors last week, for a day or two, or at her dinner-parties, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Italian Ambassador, Count de Renzi, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Acton, Lord and Lady Loch, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir Alfred Milner. Miss Agnes Weston, who founded the Royal Sailors' Homes at Devonport and Portsmouth, was received by the Queen on Friday. Sir Edward Poynter had an interview with her Majesty on business of the Royal Academy. The Queen, on Dec. 1, held an investiture of the Distinguished Service Order, conferring that honour upon some officers who were in the late Soudan Campaign.

The birthday of the Princess of Wales, on Dec. 1, was kept privately by the Prince and the family at Sandringham, joined by the Duke of Cambridge. The Prince of Wales came to London on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are sojourning at Florence.

The Empress Frederick on Wednesday went to Sandringham to stay a few days with the Prince and Princess of Wales, after which she will go with the Queen to Osborne, where her Majesty will spend Christmas.

The Duke and Duchess of York went on Monday to visit the Earl and Countess of Pembroke at Wilton House, near Salisbury.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Monday.

The Channel Squadron returns to England from Gibraltar at the end of this week.

Lord Kitchener spoke on Dec. 1 at the Lord Mayor's Mansion House meeting in support of the scheme of a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum for the natives of the Soudan. Lord Rosebery was one of the speakers. At the London Stock Exchange; at the Drury Lane Lodge of Freemasons, which Lord Kitchener visited on the same day; and at Cardiff, where he was presented with the freedom of the town on Friday, he was cordially received, and fresh subscriptions to the Khartoum College fund were freely given, raising it quickly to more than £85,000.

Lord Curzon, the new Viceroy of India, was entertained on Friday at a luncheon given by the directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company in Leadenhall Street; Sir Thomas Sutherland was chairman.

Political addresses were delivered last week by Lord George Hamilton at Acton, Mr. A. J. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach at Bristol, Mr. Asquith at Lowestoft, and Sir Edward Grey at Blackburn. The National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations held its conference at Bristol, and passed a resolution in favour of seeking a more equitable distribution of Parliamentary seats, with a large reduction of the number of members of the House of Commons allotted to Ireland.

On Monday evening the Scottish Primrose League had a great meeting in St. Andrew's Hall at Glasgow, where Lord George Hamilton spoke with exultation of the recent success of the Government.

Lord Roberts on Monday presented prizes to the 2nd Hants Artillery Volunteers at Portsmouth, and spoke with satisfaction of the improved practice at batteries for shore defence.

The London School Board resolved last week to invite the London County Council to confer upon the proposals expected from Government next Session with regard to secondary education for London.

At the Greek Church at Bayswater on Sunday there was a special service, with an address by the Archimandrite, of thanksgiving for the emancipation of Crete from Turkish rule.

The new Bishop of Calcutta, the Right Rev. Dr. Wellton, and the Right Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, Bishop Suffragan of Portsmouth, were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury last week at St. Paul's Cathedral.

A British force of fourteen native troops, under Lieutenant Keating and Corporal Gale, has been cut up between Jebba and Ilo in the Niger Hinterland. The native chief refused canoes, and tried to take the party prisoners. In the ensuing fight, Keating and Gale were killed, together with twelve of their men.

The Spanish and American Treaty of Peace Commissioners at Paris seem likely to finish their work in a few days. On Monday the first eight clauses were definitely accepted—namely, those for abandoning the Spanish dominions in the West Indies and for the cession of the Philippines. Spain appears to have yielded on the question of financial liabilities. There are serious apprehensions of native hostility in the Philippines to the establishment of American government.

President McKinley's Message to Congress was read at Washington on Monday. It reviews the causes and results of the late war with Spain; declares that Cuba, when pacified and settled under American military protection, shall be directed to form an independent government for itself, but says nothing of the Philippines; expresses high gratification at the friendly relations with Great Britain and the amicable conclusion of all questions concerning Canada; announces a determination to secure for the United States a share of commercial advantages in China, and to develop a maritime policy, with the annexation of Puerto Rico and of Hawaii, and with the construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal to the Pacific; recommends an increase of the army to 100,000 men, and the addition of three great battle-ships and twelve armed cruisers to the navy; and gives a satisfactory account of the financial position of the Federal Government. Currency reforms are hinted at, but the Message is silent with regard to commercial tariffs.



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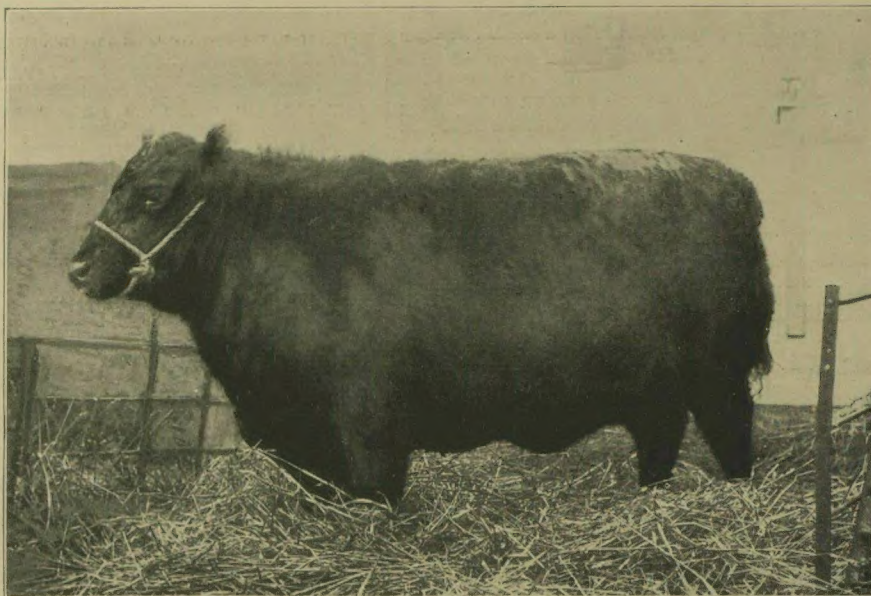


## THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

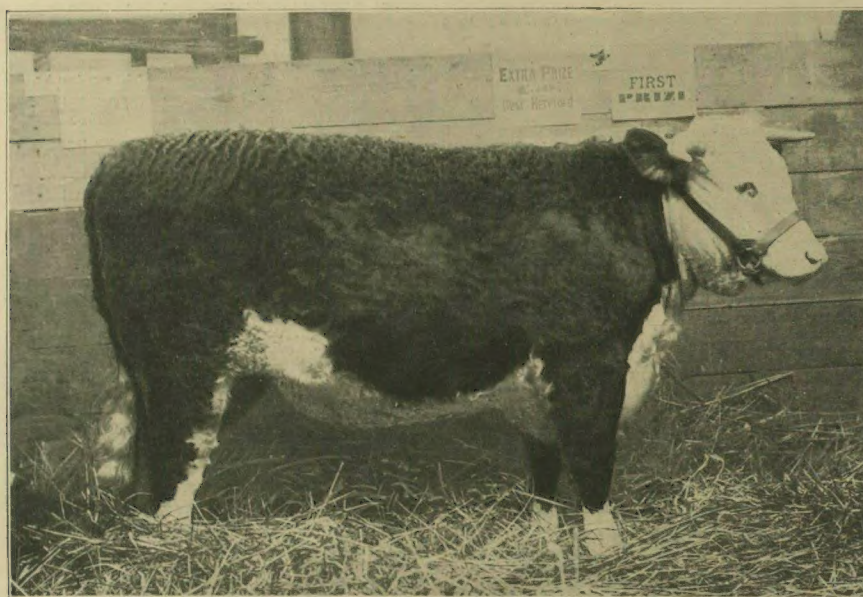
The Hundredth Annual Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club was opened on Monday at the Royal Agricultural Hall, at Islington, and was visited that day by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Everybody was glad to see the Prince of Wales upon this occasion, his first public appearance in London since the accidental injury to his left knee, able to walk round the show without any assistance. He is president of the club in this year of its centenary existence, and is a successful competing exhibitor, as well as a donor of prizes and eminent royal patron, well sustaining the example set by his father, the Prince Consort, as founder of the Royal Agricultural Society and a leading improver of cattle and other live stock. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Council of the Smithfield Club. The Queen has, in this year's Cattle Show, won two breed cups, three first prizes, and two second prizes. The champion prizes and the centenary gold medal have been awarded to Lord Strathmore for his Aberdeen Angus heifer, declared to be the finest animal in this show. This heifer also gained the chief honours at the Birmingham Cattle Show last week. The Prince of Wales again visited the show on Tuesday, and, as retiring president, took the chair at the annual meeting of members of the club. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was elected president for 1900.

## A CENTENARY RETROSPECT.

It is six o'clock, or thereabouts, and a restful calm prevails in the temporary farmyard under the electric lamps. Each fat animal has rolled sedately before the judges, has undergone the ordeal of criticism by eye and hand, and has rolled sedately back to his appointed place through a gauntlet of appreciative if unauthorised "handling"; and each fat animal is now lying down to recuperate. For



THE EARL OF STRATHMORE'S ABERDEEN ANGUS HEIFER "JU-JU."  
First Prize, Birmingham, 1898; Centenary Gold Medal, Smithfield, 1898.



THE QUEEN'S HEREFORD STEER, WHICH WON FIRST PRIZES AT BIRMINGHAM AND SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOWS.

theirs is an exceeding fatness which oppresses discouraged muscles and unexercised feet. Judging is over, and the atmosphere breathes disinfectants and repose—the disinfectants have reigned all day and a measure of content; but only now does the distinctive atmosphere of the Smithfield Show supervene, and your senses are soothed by a pervading consciousness of sleek prosperity. Should any speak here of agricultural depression you would smile. It is fitting that this air of beefy prosperity should reign in the Royal Agricultural Hall, for it reflects the characteristic of the Smithfield Club on its hundredth birthday.

Just a century ago, in the good old days of farming, when American beef and Australian mutton were not, when sheep-stealing was a hanging matter and wheat was low at forty shillings a quarter, a Derbyshire farmer named Wilkes had an Idea. Do not infer that farmers in general, or Derbyshire farmers in particular, ever lacked ideas; but the one which emanated from the fertile brain of Mr. Wilkes was an Idea worthy of the capital I—almost an inspiration. This mental acorn, if one may use the expression, was the seed whence sprang "The Smithfield Cattle and Sheep Society." The laudable aim of the society was "to supply the cattle-markets of Smithfield and elsewhere with the cheapest and best meat." Mr. Wilkes' Idea was taken up with moderate enthusiasm, and in the following year, 1799, the first show was held in Dolphin Yard, Smithfield. The society then counted 113 members; their show consisted of two classes of cattle and two of sheep, and the value of the prize-list was exactly fifty guineas. The scheme of classification adopted was almost medieval in its simplicity: "beasts" fed on grass, hay, turnips, or cabbages competed in one class; "beasts" fed on corn or cake in the other; sheep (be pleased to note that agricultural zoology recognises only one Beast) fed on grass, etc., competed together, and sheep fed on corn. Five years later the members' roll had increased by one, but the show was expanded to nine classes for beasts and sheep, opened its

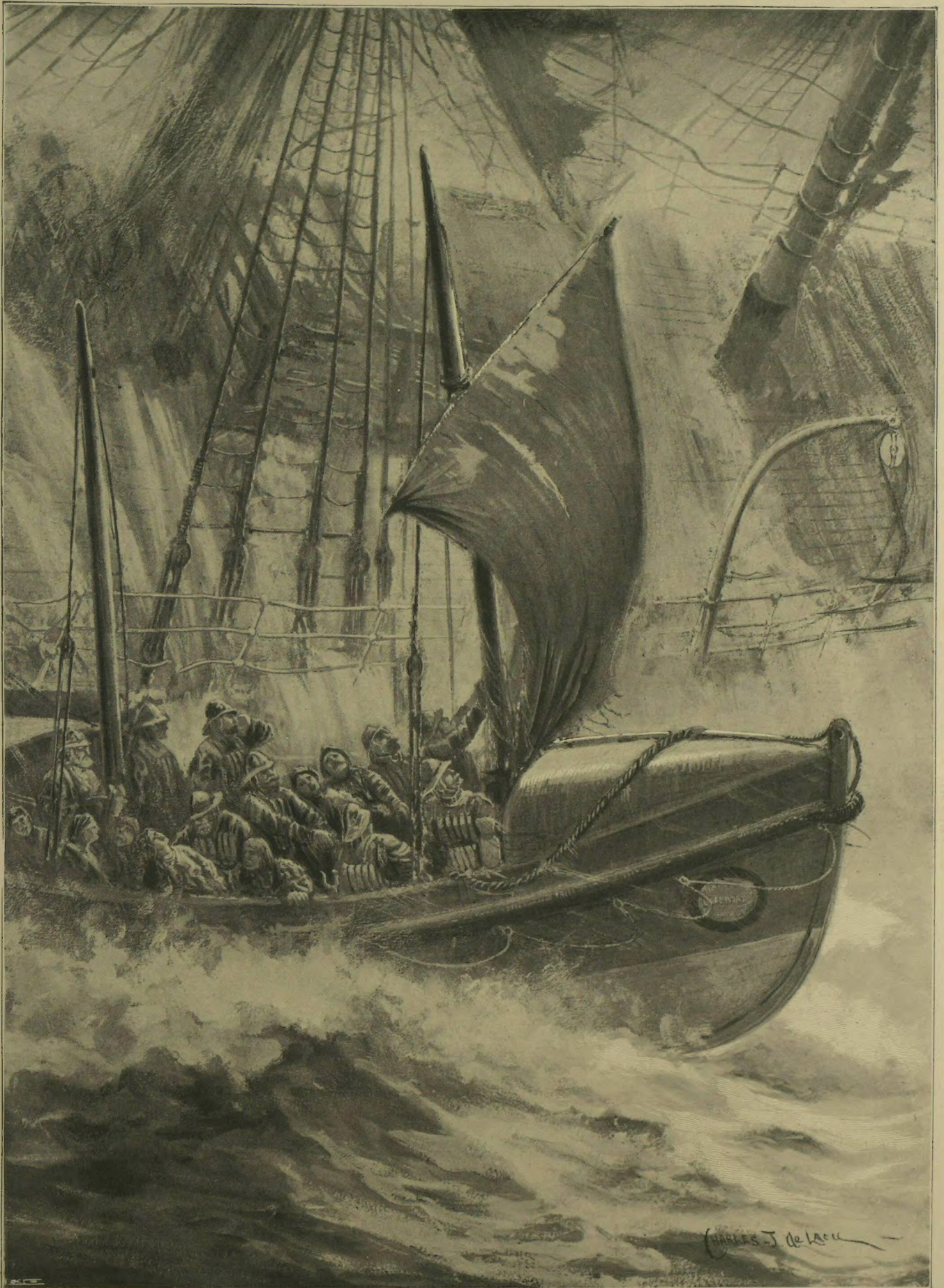
arms to the humble, unimproved pig, and offered £215 5s. in prizes. The Smithfield Club, as the society became in 1802, was at this time a struggling young body trying hard to open the eyes of the agricultural world to the benefits it was trying to evolve from an empty treasury. At one time the outlook was so gloomy that the then Duke of Bedford as president advised that the club should be wound up. His advice was fortunately declined, and the club fought its way resolutely on, slowly increasing its membership and pressing financial embarrassments aside.

Transport was the difficulty in pre-railway days. Fat oxen driven up from the grazing counties were thin oxen by the time they reached London, and not every stock-breeder could afford to adopt the ingenious Mr. Terrett's plan of sending beasts to the show in a specially constructed van. Hence the club languished somewhat. After forty years of existence, the executive scheduled fourteen classes for cattle, sheep, and pigs, and offered £300 in prizes. The era of real prosperity dawned with the spread of railways. In 1862, when the show was held for the first time at Islington, there were fifty classes, and over £2000 was offered in prizes, while the members of the club numbered 400. At the show of 1898 there were ninety-four classes, containing 364 cattle, 640 sheep, and 270 pigs; and the prize-list fell short by £34 9s. of £5000 in cash, cups, and medals. It was possible for one steer or ox to win about £400 worth in money and gold and silver plate if he carried off every prize for which he was entered, including the prize of the centenary show—the Queen's Challenge Cup, value £150. A pen of three sheep could bring their owner about £228; while a pair of triumphant pigs could win about £138. Animals of such overwhelming merit, however, are rare in this imperfect world, and the rewards of obesity are more widely distributed.



A FAT HEREFORDSHIRE OX EXHIBITED AT SMITHFIELD NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO.  
Bred by Mr. Tully, of Hunterton, near Hereford, and Fatted by Mr. Westear, of Creslow, in the Vale of Aylesbury. Dead Weight, 1928 lb. 288 lb. of Fat. Six Years Old. This Ox obtained a First Prize from the Smithfield Society, Christmas, 1799.





OUR GALLANT LIFE-BOAT MEN: "TO THE RESCUE!"



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN AT NETLEY HOSPITAL.

On Saturday her Majesty again visited the invalid soldiers from the Soudan and from the Indian Frontier Campaigns still remaining in the Royal Military Hospital at Netley, on Southampton Water. It was one of her last acts, while passing the summer months at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, to show, in this gracious and womanly manner, her regard for the brave and faithful men in the army service of her Empire. This time it was from Windsor that the Queen travelled thither, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with equerries and ladies in attendance, joined at the railway station by General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. Arriving at Netley, her Majesty was received at the station by General Sir Baker Russell, commanding the Military District, with his staff, and at the hospital by Surgeon-General Nash, with the medical and surgical staff. A daughter of Colonel W. F. Stevenson, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, the Professor of Clinical Surgery, presented a bouquet to the Queen, who was then conducted by Miss H. C. Norman, Lady Superintendent of Army Nurses, through twelve wards and divisions of the hospital, where she saw about six hundred and twenty-five invalid or convalescent soldiers, returned not only from the Soudan and from India, but also from the West Coast of Africa and from South Africa, having been wounded or dangerously ill. At the bedside of many a one, or beside his

port and starting-place, for it is recognised now that only by a railway can the resources of the Yukon basin be properly developed. The mountains in the distance are in Alaska, United States territory; the chief of them, Mount McNeill, 4300 ft., is the Ararat of this region. According to Indian legend, it is where the survivors of the Great Deluge landed.

The smaller view of the harbour shows Village Island also, where, besides dwellings, is the cemetery. The trestle-bridge leading thereto was erected by Indians; so was the church in the foreground, in connection with the Methodist Mission, which has civilised the natives, of which there now remain about seven hundred.

Our third illustration represents a funeral in the Klondike. There is a society in that region entitled "The Yukon Order of Pioneers." They have a cemetery in the hills behind Dawson City.

## NEW VIADUCT AT BERNE.

The fine Kornhaus-brücke, the construction of which was begun in the autumn of 1895, was solemnly opened to public traffic some little time ago, the event giving occasion to a general holiday in the Swiss capital. It consists of six iron girder arches, the large central one having a span of over 377 ft. from bank to bank, with 41 ft. wide roadway, carried 157 ft. above the Aar; the entire length of the bridge is 1272 ft. This viaduct is part of a scheme of improvements entered upon by the municipality of Berne, and brings into immediate communication with the centre of the town a large area of suitable building sites. As the subsoil was friable sandstone of glacial formation, the director

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "CUPBOARD LOVE" FAILS AT THE COURT.

So interesting, hitherto, has been the stage-record of Mr. Esmond, such ability was displayed in "The Divided Way" and "One Summer's Day," that it appears almost an insult to credit their author with the silly and attenuated farce now to be seen at the Court. Not that "Cupboard Love" does not start tolerably well. When you find a group of young bachelors at a country-house party chafing because all the pretty girls are engaged to middle-aged suitors, and banding themselves into a brotherhood for revenge, you imagine there is promise of pleasant fooling, and you anticipate some skit on the "man of forty," that fashionable hero of the hour. But with the second act comes the blunder of the playwright, as well as "the blunder of the brotherhood." The "men of forty" disappear altogether from the action, and a stupid game of hide-and-seek begins. Arrayed in various articles of undress, the young men prow about the corridors at midnight, armed with candlesticks, stumbling over shoes and boot-jacks, and muttering stage-whispers. Maddening still, they invade the ladies' quarters (happily empty for the moment) to deliver a manifesto, and are locked up in different cupboards, where Mr. Esmond keeps his brotherhood till nearly the close of the play. Do you wonder that when the curtain fell on this stupid act there was a grim and ominous silence? Can you perceive anything wildly humorous in an author bringing pyjamas and night-dresses before the footlights? Can you regard a night-raid on ladies' sleeping apartments as aught but an adventure in



THE FERRY.

An Exhibition Picture by S. Lloyd, R.B.A.

chair, the Queen spoke kindly words of sympathy and encouragement, gave her hand to one and another, or laid it on his fevered brow, and was rewarded by their grateful thanks and blessings. She took special notice of two non-commissioned officers and a private of the Army Medical Corps, Sergeant Benson, Private Davidson, and another, who risked their own lives to aid wounded comrades; and likewise of Sergeant Freeman, Private Western, and other men of the 21st Lancers, who charged the dense mass of Dervishes in the "khor" near Omdurman; and some belonging to the infantry regiments in the First Brigade, engaged in the main battle. Her Majesty gave some medals for distinguished bravery, fastening those for Sergeant Benson and Davidson upon their breasts. She spoke to a young drummer-boy, asking him, "whether he had a good time there?" To which he cheerfully answered, "Oh, jolly, Ma'am!" and the Queen pleasantly laughed. After passing through the medical wards, the Queen was shown by the surgeons, with proper explanations, the optical apparatus for discovering the position of bullets in the flesh by the Röntgen rays photographic process; and she allowed a photograph of her own hand to be taken by these means. At half-past three o'clock the Queen left Netley, returning to Windsor.

## ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Fort Simpson, British Columbia, of which we give two illustrations, is a post of the Hudson Bay Company. It was erected in 1834, and saw many stirring events when the Indians were numerous and savage. It has a splendid harbour always open to sea-going craft. It is particularly interesting just now, as it is here that the British Columbian Government proposes that the really "All Canadian" railway to the Klondike and Upper Yukon shall have its

of the works found it necessary to drive in 432 pitch-pine piles, 45 ft. long, to support a 30 ft. column of concrete foundation for the tall limestone pillars of the central arch. While working at the foundations, many flint implements of the Stone Age were brought to the surface. The work was carried out at a total cost of £69,800. Granite from Daveno was employed for the obelisks and other ornamental details. The total weight of ironwork amounts to 1737 tons.

## "PENURY" AND "SUCCESS."

(See Double-Page Illustration and Supplement.)

"Penury" and "Success," our two double-page illustrations, epitomise the career of a great singer, one of the many who have, by sheer talent, risen superior to early disadvantages of fortune and environment. The actual making—that long, self-denying process of study—is only suggested in our pictures. The artist is taken at two extreme points: the moment when she fascinated an East-End crowd, and the moment of success and fashionable West-End applause. But even from the first she was prima donna, and sang to an orchestra, although a kitchen-chair was her stage, and her seedy accompanists were but a sorry foreshadowing of the immaculate battalions commanded by a Richter or a Mottl, who would one day be her colleagues in harmony. It is easy to fill in, in imagination, the interval between the two pictures. Before Belgrave and Mayfair were conquered there must have been much patient study and a life not all roses. Perhaps, too, the triumph seems hollow enough, and even as the applauding crowd closes about the singer in her Grace's drawing-room, her thoughts fly back to the earlier days—harder days, perhaps, in one way, but less wearing to head and heart.

very doubtful taste? Unhappily, too, any other incidents that might amuse are repeated with such regularity as to become intolerably tedious; while the clicking whistle which is the brothers' watchword owes all its funniness to the actors. No chances, however, of histrionic distinction does this "Cupboard Love" afford any individual member of the company save Mr. Seymour Hicks. And so, though Messrs. Herbert Standing, Kenneth Grahame, Dion Boucicault, Aubrey Fitzgerald, and Misses M. A. Victor, May Whitty, Nina Boucicault, and Sybil Carlisle play with agreeable spirit, their labours are wasted on so comparative a failure.

## "ON AND OFF" SUCCEEDS AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Curiously enough, while the English farce of the month has met with an untoward fate, its French rival—an adaptation from M. Bisson's theatre, wherein the original atmosphere is wisely retained—seems assured of triumphant success. "On and Off" is but a variant on the hackneyed theme of the unfaithful husband, who in this case courts a country maiden as a divorcee, and excuses his absences to his family on the score of his supposed duties as a railway inspector. Still, it is a wildly hilarious piece, with a few novelties—such as the quaint use of a telephone, a girl's audacious wink, by means of which a smart tradesman blackmails her indiscreet admirers, and a perceptible element of pretty sentiment. Moreover, the play's humour is interpreted with splendid vivacity. Thus, Mr. Giddens shows such intensity as to prove almost tragic in the rôle of the unhappy husband; while Mr. Paul Arthur's happy combination of gravity and mirth, Miss Elliott Page's stately beauty and charm, and Miss Lucie Milner's pretty ingenuousness are of eminent service to an entertainment which is likely to be "on," not "off," for many a month. F. G. B.



## PERSONAL.

It is difficult to keep pace with the new elements in the Picquart scandal. As the military authorities show no disposition to postpone the court-martial, a point of law has been raised by Maître Labori, who cites two articles in the Code to support the proposition that the Supreme Court must decide whether Colonel Picquart is to be tried by a civil or a military tribunal. In the first instance, he was summoned before a civil tribunal, and then locked up in solitary confinement in a military prison. To complicate matters, the Supreme Court itself is engaged in an inquiry which must deal with and determine the chief issue raised by the military prosecution. How the Court will decide the question of jurisdiction it is impossible to say, but the legal point may involve a postponement of the court-martial.

M. Henri Rochefort is not discriminating in his inventions. He asserted lately that General Horace Porter, the American Ambassador in Paris, had admitted that the Dreyfusards were supported by funds from England. General Porter denies that he ever said anything so idiotic, but the denial makes no difference to M. Rochefort. England is supposed to have a perfidious motive in this business, but what is the motive of Russia? Russian opinion is just as strongly in favour of Dreyfus as English opinion. Is the ally of France also perfidious?

To the long obituary list of military men which has signalled the latter part of 1898 has to be added the name of Major Neil Macleod, who died at his residence, in Dalkeith, on Saturday last.



Photograph by Wallace, Dalkeith.

THE LATE MAJOR NEIL MACLEOD.

The deceased, who was born in Skye in 1825, enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1850. Distinguished throughout life for strength of character and fidelity to duty, promotion came rapidly, and at the outbreak of the Crimean War Macleod had attained the rank of sergeant. He was present at every battle of that campaign, and it is related as characteristic of the man that when every gunner in his battery had been disabled, and the supply of shot was exhausted, he stood by his gun and kept a party of Russians in check by merely firing with powder alone. At the close of the Crimean War Macleod was sent to China; there he took part in the capture of the Taku forts, and was with the expedition which destroyed the Summer Palace at Peking. In 1869 he was granted a Lieutenant's commission; and he retired from the Army in 1881 with the honorary rank of Major. A typical Highlander to the close of life, and ultra-conservative in ecclesiastical matters, Major Macleod's tenacious opposition to "innovations" frequently brought him into conflict with the leaders of the Free Church General Assembly, in which, for a number of years past, he was a conspicuous figure.

Captain P. Crockett, who went down in the Bay of Biscay with his ill-fated vessel, the *Clan Drummond*, on Nov. 28, had his home in Glasgow.



Photograph by Vandyke, Liverpool.

THE LATE CAPTAIN CROCKETT, Master of the *Clan Drummond*.

He leaves a widow and five of a family. His death is rendered all the more tragic that he had taken his son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, with him on the voyage. The son perished with his father. Mr. Crockett had been in the service of the Clan Line for sixteen years, and was held in the highest esteem by his employers. The *Clan Drummond* encountered terrible stress of weather, and the fore part of the vessel was carried away by a huge wave. She sank almost immediately. The survivors were picked up by the *Holbein* and conveyed to Lisbon.

President McKinley's Message to Congress is pleasanter reading for Englishmen than some historic Messages. It is conspicuously animated by friendliness towards this country. True, Mr. McKinley's allusion to the Nicaragua Canal, which, he says, must be controlled by the United States when it is made, is not consistent with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which gives England a voice in the management of any such enterprise. But it is highly probable that the two Governments have an understanding on this point, and in any case England would be perfectly content with a canal which was open to the world, like the Suez Canal. As Mr. McKinley protests against "exclusive" interests in China, it may be inferred that exclusiveness is not to be the American policy in the Philippines.

We congratulate Mr. John Lathey, editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, on the excellent Christmas Number he has produced. The keynote of the number is "Khartoum," and the theme is capably developed with picture and story.

His Imperial Highness Prince Shoaah-Saltanah Malik Mansur Mirza, now on a visit to Europe for the sake of his health, was born in 1878 at Tabriz.



Photograph by Schaarwichter, Berlin.

PRINCE MALIK MANSUR MIRZA, Second Son of the Shah of Persia.

He is the second son of the Shah by the grand-daughter of Fath-Ali-Shah, the second King of the present dynasty. At the age of eight he entered the army, and served two years in the infantry and nine years in the artillery. In due course he passed through the grades of Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Colonel, which rank he now holds. He is also an Adjutant to his imperial father, Muzafr-éd-din-Shah. The Prince has many accomplishments: he speaks French fluently, and plays the piano and violin admirably. His special hobby is photography.

Is the Emperor of China dead, or very much alive, or in a state of suspended animation? These questions have excited curiosity for some time. A definite solution of the mystery is promised by the reception of the new Russian Minister at Peking. He is to present his credentials, it is said, to the Emperor, and not to the Empress-Dowager. But will the illustrious personage he sees be the real Emperor or a substitute? Sceptics are sure to ventilate that doubt.

The late Captain Lionel F. W. Holt, eldest son of Colonel W. J. Holt, C.B. (late "The Queen's"), was born at Poona, India, Jan. 6, 1864. He joined the 3rd Battalion "The Queen's" in 1884, and was appointed Captain 6th Battalion the Royal Irish Rifles in 1895. He served in the Consular Service, Niger Coast Protectorate, for over six years, and was Acting Vice-Consul at Warri during the operations against Nana, at which time the river was swarming with hostile canoes, which he searched for arms and war material. He, and two other officers of the Protectorate, also received the thanks of the Foreign Office and the Lords of the Admiralty for helping the officers and men during the reconstruction of the gun-boats *Heron* and *Jackdaw*. He died at West Chillington, Sussex, on Nov. 21 last, from the effects of fever contracted on the West Coast of Africa.



Photograph by Porter, Ealing.

THE LATE CAPTAIN LIONEL F. W. HOLT.

Prince Bismarck seems to have left a great deal of hair to his admirers. One barber announces that he has kept all the "clippings"; but a rival is in the field with another collection. German patriots who want to wear Bismarck's hair as a charm against a foreign invasion will find there is no lack of the precious commodity.

Rear-Admiral Rose, whose promotion has just been gazetted, has a record of full forty years' good service. Born in 1844, he entered the Navy in June 1858. He was appointed Sub-Lieutenant of the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* in 1864, and promoted in the same year to Lieutenant. From 1867 to 1869 he served as First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Rodney*, the flag-ship of Sir Henry Keppel in China, and was also First Lieutenant of the *Serpent*, *Aurora*, *Enterprise*, and *Implacable*. He was promoted to Commander's rank in 1875, and in the following year was appointed to the command of the *Shah*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral de Horsey on the Pacific Station: he was in command when the action was fought between the *Shah* and the Peruvian rebel ironclad monitor *Huascar* off the coast of Peru. In 1879 he was recalled from the Pacific Station, having been appointed Commander of the naval training-ship *Britannia*, which post he held until transferred in 1881 to the command of the royal yacht *Osborne*, on Lord Charles Beresford relinquishing her. He held command of the *Osborne* until promoted to post rank in 1883. On Jan. 1, 1885, he was selected for the command



Photograph by Bassano.

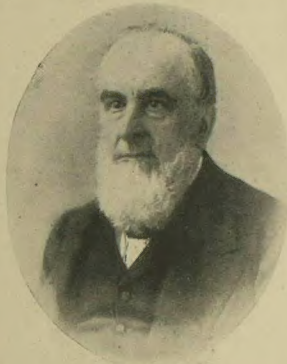
REAR-ADMIRAL H. ROSE.

of the ironclad-ship *Triumph* as Flag-Captain to Rear-Admiral Baird, Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station, and held that appointment for four years.

After taking part in the naval manoeuvres of 1889, in command of the *Mersey*, and in 1891 of the *Conqueror*, Rear-Admiral Rose was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Rodney*, battle-ship in the Channel Fleet, which post he held for two years. After a brief spell of half-pay, he was in 1894 appointed to the charge of the Dockyard Reserve at Devonport, and this important position he held with marked ability until relieved in October last year. The new Rear-Admiral is the inventor of an ingenious system by which communication on board ship, through the medium of voice-pipes, has been rendered efficient under all conditions of noise and vibration. This has been adopted with the best results on some men-of-war, and also by the leading steam-ship companies. The efficiency of Rear-Admiral Rose's system having been so thoroughly demonstrated by the mercantile marine, it will, no doubt, be soon generally adopted by vessels in her Majesty's Navy. "Harry Rose," as he is known to his intimates, is a keen sportsman, cricketer, and golfer, as well as a remarkably able and alert officer, and we hope soon to see his flag flying from one of our latest and biggest battle-ships.

Astronomy has lost a distinguished votary in Mr. Edwin Dunkin, who died on Nov. 26 at Blackheath.

Mr. Dunkin was born at Truro in 1821, and was the third son of Mr. William Dunkin, of the "Nautical Almanac." His education was conducted in England and France, and when the time came for him to choose a profession, he joined the staff of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. He was then seventeen, and remained in the Observatory for forty-six years, rising to be chief assistant. He represented the Astronomer Royal in several important expeditions, notably that to Christiania to observe the solar eclipse of 1851. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, of the Royal Astronomical Society, and of various learned bodies. His contributions to astronomical literature were numerous and valuable.



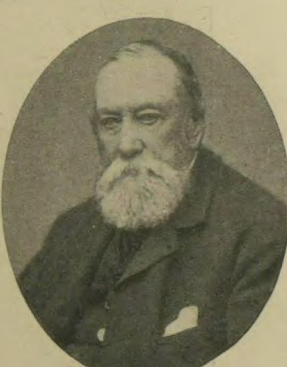
Photograph by Green, Greenwich.

THE LATE MR. EDWIN DUNKIN.

The Gordon College at Khartoum excites the jealous wrath of M. Francis Deloncle. He proposes to raise money in order to establish a French college at Khartoum and another at Fashoda, for the purpose of counteracting British influence in the Sudan. The money for this enterprise is not likely to be forthcoming, and even if it were, M. Deloncle would find serious obstacles in the way of his anti-British colleges. Suppose the Sirdar were to say quite frankly that he would not permit them, where would M. Deloncle be then?

Mr. Richard Sims, who had served for a long period of years in the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, died at Oxford, his birthplace, on Nov. 24. He was eighty-two years of age. He was educated at New College Choir School, and at a very early age became a schoolmaster in Oxford. His antiquarian tastes brought him under the notice of Dr. Philip Bliss, who obtained for him a post in the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum. Here Sir Frederick Madden, the Keeper, quickly recognised Mr. Sims's superior ability, and encouraged him to pursue researches among the manuscripts. In 1849 he established his reputation by his "Index to the Pedigrees and Arms contained in the Herald's Visitations, etc., in the British Museum." His "Handbook to the Library of the British Museum" came five years later. His services were duly recognised, and in 1879 he had risen from the ranks to be a first-class assistant, the only instance of such promotion in the Manuscripts Department. He retired in 1887, and settled in Oxford, where he spent his time in his favourite pursuits. In 1896 the University made him an Honorary Master of Arts.

The Board of Agriculture seems indisposed to rescind the muzzling order. Somehow an idea got abroad that this would be done this week; but now it is hinted that the Board is very well satisfied with the effect of muzzling our dogs, and is not eager to unmuzzle them. The official argument is that, as the dogs have now got used to their muzzles, it would be inhuman to liberate them and then clap the muzzles on again. This points to a permanent muzzling order, though we can scarcely believe that Mr. Long would deliberately brave the anger of the Ladies' Kennel Association to that extent.



Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

THE LATE MR. RICHARD SIMS.





ONE OF THE ANTI-MUZZLING LEAGUE.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## ASHES OF EMPIRE.

From the 1st of November the situation in Paris grew daily more alarming. During the beginning of the siege the fear of bombardment had driven people to hang out ambulance-flags or hoist the colours of neutral nations over their houses, hoping that the German cannon might spare buildings so protected. Over the dismal freezing streets thousands of dingy tattered flags, mere rags for the most part, still fluttered in the November wind, although the inhabitants of the wretched city were beginning to regard the Prussian siege-guns as myths. In all the weeks of fighting that had passed since the first Uhlans cantered into Versailles, not a single cannon-shot from the Prussian lines had been fired against the city. Yet with the opening days of November there came into the streets of Paris something new—something mysterious, intangible, vaguely dreadful. It was reflected in the thin, pinched faces of the people; it lurked in the hollow eyes of the soldiers; it was everywhere—in the cold, grey waters of the Seine, in the sad twilight of the lampless streets, in the brooding, wintry clouds. It was not fear; it was not despair; it was the fear of despair.

The boulevards were no longer frequented; the cafés were now closed at ten o'clock, and with the closing of the cafés the last sign of animation left the streets. At ten o'clock the city lay in darkness and solitude, save for the figures on the icy ramparts, clustered to watch the flash of some great gun, the far-off flare of the shell, the monotonous rockets climbing the zenith from the southern forts.

But the sickly light of dawn now fell on crowded streets instead of empty ones; for everywhere, at the doors of the butchers'-stalls, interminable lines of women stood, card in hand, waiting to draw their meagre rations of horse-flesh. There were few cabs and fewer omnibuses left in the city; the Government needed horses for artillery and cavalry; the people needed food. All the factories had closed, save where the Cail Steel Works flamed, turning out cannon. Most of the railway-stations stood silent and empty; the Orleans station, however, served for a manufactory of balloons. One by one the last gas-jets were cut off, and the public buildings lighted with candles and petroleum, until even these gave out. The police existed no longer; the National Guard was supposed to perform their duties.

There was no communication with the outside world except when a rare spy evaded the Prussian lines, or by balloons and pigeons. Once or twice spies, sent from the provinces, crept into Paris, and a few pigeons found their way into the besieged city; but no balloons ever returned. They left Paris at night to avoid the fire of the German outposts. Some were never heard of again; some were lost at sea; some fell in Belgium. A number, however, descended in the southern provinces, where Gambetta was performing prodigies to his own satisfaction, and



Here and there in the patient shivering line, some woman, weak with starvation, fell down in the snow.



occasionally deluding Paris with foolish announcements of success for the French arms in the south, and the imminent arrival of the Army of the Loire before the walls of Paris.

The Army of the Loire!—what heights of hope, what depths of despair marked its brief career! On the ramparts the starving soldiers looked out into the south for the army that never came; in the filthy streets starving women and sick children listened for the sound of its cannon. Rumours grew to certainties. The Army of the Loire had hailed Issy; its cannon had been heard in the west, in the south; its rockets signalled victory and rescue from the east. Then the streets echoed with the din of galloping batteries; sudden columns of cavalry filled the outer boulevards, clattering past in eager silence; endless masses of infantry swung along with the startling crash of drums echoing from window to pavement, while the great guns boomed on the Point du Jour and the forts took up the burden from Vanves to St. Denis, and from Romainville to the battery of the Double Crown.

Then, after the sortie, came the ambulances, file after file threading the frozen roads to the battle-ground. And the return—the creaking wagon-loads of dying, the stench of musty blood-soaked straw, the spectral regiments tramping through the gates, the ragged crowd looking on, freezing, starving, dumb with misery, yet ready for another sortie when the dull Governor of Paris could stir from his shadow-haunted chamber.

Little by little the rations of horse-meat were reduced to the miserable scrap of thirty grammes for adults and fifteen for children. White bread had disappeared; there was no flour left; a hard dry morsel of black bread was rationed daily to the people, scarcely enough to sustain life until the dawn of another day brought another crust.

The newspapers published schedules of prices from week to week, prices such as none but the very rich could afford to pay. The poor, shivering in the bitter November dawn, stood hour after hour, ragged, sick, ankle-deep in slush, patiently awaiting their rations of lean horse-flesh. Then wrapping the bit of frozen bone and flesh in their rags, they crept back to their fireless homes. For there was no fuel left for the poor; mothers burnt their furniture to save their babies from freezing; the green wood from the Bois de Boulogne and the forest of Vincennes gave out little heat and a great deal of smoke for those who could afford to buy it. Bands of ruffians sacked the Government woodyards at night, scarcely recoiling before the bayonets of the National Guard; troops of *gamins* hunted the sewer-holes for rats, or watched the gardens of the rich for the gaunt cats that had almost disappeared from the famine-stricken city. The animals in the Zoological Gardens, with the exception of the lions and tigers, were killed and eaten one by one, their bones boiled for broth, even their skins scraped and steeped to gather the last shred of nourishment.

Yet no one murmured, no one complained, no one thought of surrender. Here and there in the patient, shivering line, some woman, weak with starvation, fell down in the snow; here and there some young girl, her cheeks flaming with fever, screamed out in sudden delirium and staggered off into the city, raving of warm fires and white bread and the mercy of God. The rest looked on in silence; the shivering line closed up; the next old woman hobbled away with her food, mumbling and muttering of battles to come and the honour of France.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### IN HILDÉ'S CHAMBER.

When Hildé was carried into the house on the ramparts, unconsciousness had already succeeded her brief delirium. Yvette's first transports at the sight of her and Bourke were followed by days of terror and agonies of doubt. Hildé was very ill—so ill that Bourke brought a Sister of Mercy to the house in the first days of November, and spent his money, almost to the last franc, for the necessities that meant, perhaps, life to the patient.

But now the good Sister of Mercy had gone back to the hospitals, and Yvette sat all day long at Hildé's bedside, watching her sister grow better and stronger. The scar on her forehead healed, promising to show, however, as a tiny white crescent; the reaction from the horror of that October night left nothing of nervousness or fear behind. As she grew stronger, her beauty, too, returned; the hollows in temple and cheek disappeared, the scarlet came back to her lips, their exquisite whiteness to neck and brow. But in the dark eyes Bourke saw that the last sparkle of childhood had died out for ever; only the sadness of woman remained, the tenderness, the wistfulness, the sweetness of a woman who loves, who fears, and who waits.

When, in the last weeks of November, she was well enough, she told Bourke how Speyer and his Carbineers had forced her into an ambulance, how they had traversed the distracted city, how Flourens had met Speyer and his detachment and had ordered him to place Hildé and Red Riding-Hood in the fortified church, where already a dozen frightened Grey Nuns had been imprisoned.

What fate Flourens designed for the Grey Nuns Bourke could not conjecture; what fate had been reserved for Hildé he dared not imagine. He told her nothing of the murder of Speyer, except that he was dead; he never

spoke of the fate of Mon Oncle or of Bibi, nor did she ever mention it, although both she and Red Riding-Hood had seen the despatch of those redoubtable ruffians.

Bourke read in the newspapers that the Government troops were hunting for Flourens and Buckhurst, and that, for the moment, the Carbineers had slunk off and mixed with their fellow-citizens of Belleville. The Undertakers' Club, however, continued, and, as this was really the head and heart of Flourens's bandits, and the Government weakly permitted its doors to remain open, it was clearly only a question of time when the Carbineers should once more reappear on the scene and raise the red flag of revolt. Buckhurst, it was known, in company with a creature named Sapia and the veteran Blanqui, was already deep in a mysterious secret society that pretended to represent the entire National Guard, and it called itself the Central Committee. Naturally, it was a revolutionary group, an obscure band of cut-throats, who sat like buzzards watching the agonised city, until their moment should arrive to batten on its ruins.

When, in the early days of October, Bourke's foresight had provided tins of preserved meat and vegetables as a reserve in time of famine, Hildé and Yvette had laughed at such precautions. But now these provisions had become the only food of the little household. Even while Hildé was ill, Yvette obstinately refused to take any of the delicacies provided by Bourke; now there was no longer any money to buy such things. The marauding Carbineers had only begun to loot the cellar when the news of their defeat at the Hôtel de Ville sent them packing, therefore the provisions remained practically untouched up to the day when Bourke refused to renew the Government card that entitled the little household to rations of horse-flesh and black bread for three adults and a child.

Yvette baked little biscuits in the kitchen; Red Riding-Hood made soup. And now that Hildé was well enough to come downstairs, they had dinner in the dining-room again, where, from their store of fuel, a good fire burned in the grate and a candle sent its cheerful yellow rays into the chill of the black passage. The shadow that fell on the house did not come from the battle-clouds gathering swiftly in the south, nor from the sleet, the bitter cold, the rain, nor yet from the spectacle of the splendid, desolate city, naked and famished, filthy and diseased. There was something else that touched Hildé's face with the subtle pallor that made her silences heart-breaking and her forced smiles terrible. Bourke knew. At such moments he would begin: "You see, Hildé, my theory is this: Jim, finding that Le Bourget was threatened, struck out for himself and wriggled through the Prussian lines somewhere between the Fort de la Briche and St. Denis. That's what I would have done myself, little sister."

Then he would bring his map, and stick pins all over it, and talk very cheerfully, until Hildé, lying in her armchair, turned her head away to hide the tears that could not be kept back. At such moments, too, Yvette would read aloud from Hugo, and her clear young voice, pronouncing the superb lines of "Les Châtiments," sent the blood tingling to Bourke's cheeks. And then the deep, strong love in her blue eyes when she raised them to meet the eyes of the man who worshipped her! The room would become very still; Hildé, resting motionless among her shawls and cushions, with eyes closed, sometimes heard the rustle of Yvette's dress, the light footfall, the breathless whisper, scarcely audible, "I love you, Cecil." But it was on Hildé's eyes that Yvette's kiss always fell. As for Bourke, he hoped against hope. He knew what the others did not know; he knew that Harewood had remained in Le Bourget, at least during the first assault, for the soldier had brought him Harewood's letter, and he had not dared to show it to Hildé or to Yvette, because it had been delivered three days after the recapture of the village. At night he could not sleep for thinking how Harewood might have fallen a victim to his rashness. Often hot anger succeeded uneasy foreboding—anger that Harewood should have dared to risk death, when, by all the ties of honour and manhood, he was bound to Hildé until he had fulfilled his duty to her, to Yvette, and to Bourke.

Often his face would harden as he thought of all that Harewood had promised, all that he had not fulfilled—of the wrong he had done, of the debt he had incurred, that should be paid one day or the next, on earth or in the life to come. Again and again he thought of Hildé's words, uttered in delirium, and strove to believe that there had been nothing in them—nothing except the innocent babble of a sick child. But their significance, terrible in its simplicity, appalled him. He thanked God that Yvette had been spared that; he remembered that Hildé herself was unaware of having spoken. At moments he almost wished Harewood dead; what was life worth to such a man, or to his friends? What did love or honour mean to him? The demon of selfishness had taken possession of him. Selfish he had lived; his death, if death had overtaken him, was but the last whim of his selfishness—self-satisfaction at the expense of honour, a reckless risk of self, heedless of the most solemn duty he owed to Hildé, which was to live, merely to live, until he had the moral right to die. "Let him die," thought Bourke. "It will be better for her perhaps, whatever be the verdict of Church or

State, better for her, if the blow does not kill her." He could say this, almost aloud, as he lay in his dark room at night, and yet, often starting awake from dreams of his comrade, he would sit up praying (for he often prayed) that Harewood, his friend, might return.

The month of November passed in an almost constant downpour, sometimes rain, sometimes snow, more often driving sleet, or fierce, icy storms where sheets of fine frozen dust drove through winds so bitter that sentries froze at their posts and every dawn broke on such scenes of suffering among the ragged troop beyond the *enceinte* that the newspapers scarcely dared record the details.

Combat after combat was delivered under the walls of Paris, but it was not until the end of the month that the great series of battles began along the Marne, culminating in the frightful slaughter at Champigny—a victory for France, perhaps, because the Germans had failed to hurl Ducrot's troops across the Marne and destroy the bridges; but the victory was a sterile one, and the laurels fell on heads too weak with sickness and starvation to bear the weight of even withered wreaths.

Then, on the 5th of December, came the news that Orleans had fallen and the Army of the Loire was destroyed, news sent by letter under the flag of truce from Moltke, a grim letter, devilish in its courtesy—

"Versailles, 5th December, 1870.

"It might be useful to inform your Excellency [General Trochu] that the Army of the Loire has been defeated near Orleans, and that that city has been reoccupied by German troops.

"If, nevertheless, your Excellency judges it advisable to convince yourself by one of your officers, I will not fail to furnish him with a safe-conduct to go there and return.

"Permit me, General, to express the high consideration with which I have the honour to be your very humble and very obedient servant. Signed, the Chief of the General Staff, "COUNT VON MOLTKE."

The news stunned the people; at first nobody credited it. The Governor began ostentatious preparations for another sortie—alas, against the very village he had abandoned when it was in his own hands, Le Bourget. But it was not until the end of December that he was ready to begin, and then the cold became so frightful that nine hundred men were frozen to death on a single night in the trenches, and during the last ten days of the month twenty thousand soldiers were carried to the hospitals. The attack on Le Bourget was abandoned.

The moral and material sufferings of the miserable people of Paris were terrible beyond description. The mortality among children reached a figure that seemed incredible, twenty-five hundred in a single week. There was no milk for them; they could not swallow the black bread, or the flesh of horses and mules; thus they died, some from fevers, many from the cold, many from starvation.

In December, toward Christmas-time, the first signs of discouragement appeared among the people. Deluged with false despatches, manufactured wholesale and printed in the Government's Official Journal, the poor people at last became aware of the bitter deceptions, the false news of victory followed inevitably by tardy avowals of disaster. Their hopes, each day reborn, each night dead, their momentary joy and pride at the announcement of successes ruthlessly destroyed by the lying Government, led them more surely and more swiftly toward despair than if they had been told the truth, no matter how sad.

The month of December passed slowly in the Rue d'Ypres. Bourke often went into the cellar to count the sticks of wood remaining; they were easily counted. Provisions might last for several weeks yet, but the last candle had been burned and the last drop of oil used.

All day, on the 31st of December, he wandered about the sombre boulevards, which in happier times of peace had swarmed with holiday-folk buying gifts for the New Year. Now nothing remained of the crowds, the splendid shops all a-glimmer with lights, the rush of gorgeous carriages, the flutter of silken gowns. Under the Grand Hotel a sick man sold little cakes at exorbitant prices, and a few old women peddled wooden toys; that was all. He found in a shabby shop one or two little gifts for Yvette and Hildé; for Red Riding-Hood he bought a tiny box of *bonbons* and a pair of shoes—it was all he could afford.

So they celebrated the New Year together, trying to be cheerful, forcing themselves to talk, until the thunder of the forts, culminating in a series of terrific crashes, drowned their faint voices and left them silent, each to dream the same dream, each to think of the absent one, and pray a little, too, for their comrade, wherever he might be on that first sad day of the New Year. As for Red Riding-Hood, she always had something to pray for; and late that night she crept into Hildé's room and said her prayers for France and for the repose of her father's soul, who had died as soldiers die—so she thought. Hildé, shivering in her chilly bed, listened to the childish voice: "Upon us have pity, upon our land of France, upon our city, upon our soldiers, pity! Sweet Holy Virgin, intercede for papa who is dead, for General Trochu and General Bourbaki and General Chanzy and the Army of the Loire!" "Amen!" whispered Hildé. The child rose from her knees. Hildé drew her into the bed and warmed the cold little body against her own. The cannonade grew louder,



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

till, towards midnight, all the southern and eastern forts were firing. An hour later the batteries at the Pont du Jour joined in, swelling the majestic volume of sound until the floors of the house seemed to sway and tremble in the thunderous rhythm of the guns. "Can you not sleep?" asked the child. "No," said Hildé.

After a silence, the child spoke again: "Mademoiselle Hildé?"

"Yes, little one?"

"Was it Our Lady of Paris who gathered the cannon-balls in her veil of lace when they fired at the city hundreds and hundreds of years ago?"

"I don't know," said Hildé faintly.

Presently the child began once more: "I should like to hear about Ste. Geneviève and about Ste. Hildé of Carhaix."

"Can you not sleep, Red Riding-Hood?"

"Yes—but you have tears on your face."

"They are often there now, little one."

"Since he went away, Mademoiselle Hildé?"

"Since he went away."

The child's arms sought Hildé's neck. "Hear the cannon," whispered the child; "they are very loud to-night."

Personally, I fail to see anything very surprising in the announced intention of Kaiser Wilhelm II. to embody the impressions recently gathered in the Holy Land into a book. I have heard it said that every man and woman of fair education has at least the material for one book in him or her, and there is no reason why the German Emperor should prove the exception. Yet the announcement has been received in certain journalistic quarters with a kind of sneer both typographically and pictorially expressed, which the objectors would fain have us accept as a modern version of Apelles's "Shoemaker, stick to thy last."

I am by no means convinced that the warning of the great painter of antiquity, though smart enough in this one instance, would apply to every case where a man, feeling the need of varying the occupations imposed upon him by his business or profession, turns to literature, and not altogether in a half-hearted way. The world would have been at least minus one great work if Grote, the banker, had been told to stick to his desk and account-books, and to leave Greek history alone. Great as was the

gathered from the following: When the manuscript of the latter-named work was finished, a catastrophe similar to that which befell one of the foremost works of perhaps his most ardent admirer, and, perhaps, the best of his biographers, befell Frederick's. Carlyle's "French Revolution" in its first form was destroyed, I believe, through the carelessness of Stuart Mill's housemaid. Carlyle re-wrote the whole—a most terrible task, I should say. We have all admired the indomitable energy of the elder Dumas, re-writing from memory his "Henri III. et sa Cour" after he had lost the first manuscript on his way from the Comédie Française to his home. What was the re-writing of a play in five acts to the re-writing of the "French Revolution"!

Well, Frederick the Great performed a similar *tour de force*. A page had inadvertently set fire to the manuscript. The child flung himself at his feet and confessed to the accident. Frederick placed his hand on the child's head, and said, with ineffable sweetness, "I'll re-write the history." Wilhelm II. may or may not be a literary man in the best sense of the word, but such a work as he proposes to give us could only be written by him, for it would consist exclusively of personal impressions. No one quarrelled with Queen Victoria when she proposed to give us her "Journal in the Highlands." With all due



Then he would bring his map, and stick pins all over it and talk very cheerfully.

Do you think Our Lord Jesus is listening to them?" Hildé did not reply. The child went on, as though to herself: "He is somewhere up there, near the stars, you know; the cannon cannot hurt Him. He is sorry for us when we are cold and when the Prussians shoot our fathers. When we sin He is sorry, for we go to hell unless, unless—"

"Hush," murmured Hildé; "sleep, little one."

The child whimpered: "Mademoiselle Hildé, I cannot sleep, because you are crying."

"Hush," said Hildé; "those who weep are sometimes pardoned."

"Have you sinned?" asked the child innocently.

"Ste. Hildé of Carhaix be my witness for me, I do not know," sobbed Hildé. "O God, O God! to have him back—only to have him back!"

"There is someone knocking," said the child.

(To be continued.)

Museum Sunday was loudly demanded. Once granted, it does not seem to be particularly popular, for only an average of some four hundred people visited each of the hundred national and municipal galleries opened last Sunday. Under seven hundred people went either to the British Museum or to the Natural History Museum; and in Dublin, the National Gallery was visited by only two hundred persons.

achievement, ordinary men and women would have, perhaps, not been the worse for its non-performance, but they would have been unquestionably deprived of a great deal of amusement if Samuel Warren, a physician in good practice, if I am not mistaken, had from over-diffidence withheld from them "Ten Thousand a Year," and Marryat had spent his leisure on shore in going to balls and entertainments instead of writing "Jacob Faithful," "Peter Simple," and "Midshipman Easy."

Of course, I shall be told that Grote, Warren, Marryat, and a hundred others one could name, were, in the first place, obeying their literary instincts; secondly, that they had to make good their claim as literary men, because they entered the field of literature on equal terms with the merest obscure candidate for literary fame and working for bread. There is, as far as I know, no evidence that Wilhelm II. is not possessed of literary instincts, or that he pretends, in virtue of his exalted position, to command more than the usual consideration at the hands of the critics. One of his race possessed that literary instinct to an eminent degree, and, at a period when Kings and Princes were vastly more accustomed to stereotyped praise, was content to submit his books to the judgment of the world at large, like any other author. The result was that the "History of Brandenburg" and the "History of the Seven Years' War" are still quoted by those competent to judge as among the best of their kind.

And that Frederick the Great was not prompted by literary vanity in the performance of those works may be

deference to the royal author, the simplicity of that book is unquestionably its greatest charm, but that simplicity would have probably been lost had the work passed through the hands of a more skilled literary workman. No one quarrelled with Nasr-ed-Din for his book setting forth his experiences. Why should we quarrel with Wilhelm for wishing to do what so many crowned heads before him have done?

And if Wilhelm II., leaving the path of "personal impressions," attempted to stray into literature proper, where would be the harm? Napoleon III., the Queen of Roumania, King Oscar of Sweden have done so before him; and the work of these three will compare very fairly with that of many who wrote because they were obliged. "Bacon," according to Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, "wrote science like a Lord Chancellor." The remark is not a generous one, for one feels certain that Harvey could not "have written law and statecraft" like a savant. Wilhelm will probably do his descriptive writing like a king. We should be glad if some of our descriptive writers were to infuse a little of that majestic method into their pictures. As they stand nowadays, they are neither Teniers, van Ostades, nor Poussins nor Claude Lorraines; they are most often attempted photographs with the lenses all out of focus. In literature we prefer the horse that throughout steps along in a stately way to the one that bucks, kicks, takes the bit between its teeth, and then suddenly stops for sheer want of breath. *A bon entendeur, salut!*



## THE DISTURBANCES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

*From Photographs by Sergeant Mayo, Royal Engineers.*

It is not likely that the fresh local outbreak of hostilities among the unruly tribes in the region of the Swat River, a tributary of the Kabul and the Indus, flowing through Kafiristan, immediately north of Peshawur, can become the source of renewed extensive combinations adverse to the supremacy of the British Indian Empire along the Punjab North-West Frontier. The fanatical Mohammedan prophet and warlike chieftain of Kohistan, nicknamed "the Mad Mullah," who began a few days ago to disturb the peace of that region once more by attacking our loyal and serviceable ally the Khan or Nawab of Dir, has never hitherto seemed to be in close confederacy with the more powerful rulers of the Mohmund and Bajauri tribes dwelling to the west, on the Kabul border, whose defeat by Sir Bindon Blood's operations, simultaneously with the campaign against the Afridis and Orakzais on the Khyber and Kohat Passes, was sufficiently conclusive. There is no bond of common nationality between the western and the northern independent barbarian highland neighbours of the Punjab; and, though equally apt to invoke Mussulman religious zeal in favour of turbulent and aggressive acts, the union of councils is usually forbidden by sectarian jealousies, as well as by animosities of race. The Mad Mullah is scarcely capable of becoming a Mahli, and the failure of his attempt in the summer of last year must have discouraged many followers. It is needful, however, to suppress the present disturbance along the Swat River as promptly as possible; and to relieve and protect



THE SWAT RIVER, WITH CHAKDARA FORT AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.



FORT CHUTIATAU AND BRIDGE ON THE CHITRAL ROAD BELONGING TO THE KHAN OF DIR.

the ruler of Dir, to whom the British Government is under some obligations for the assistance he rendered three years ago, when Sir Robert Low advanced to Chitral. It will also be necessary to secure the road northward to Chitral, from Malakhand, with Chakdara, the next fortified post, a temporary loss of which, if there were any danger of losing it, might throw the whole of that country again into obnoxious confusion. The route to Chitral, indeed, which was brought under effective British control, at some cost, by the campaigns beginning in 1895, upon the occasion of the memorable siege and heroic defence of the Chitral fort, is recognised as one of military and political importance worth maintaining against all enemies to our Indian Empire. Everybody here is just now eagerly reading the recently published narrative of that interesting affair. Our Illustrations, being views of the Swat River, many miles lower down its course, of a fort in the Khan of Dir's territory, and of the scene of a gallant exploit of the Punjab Guides in 1895, on the Panjkora, where Colonel Battye was killed, have also much interest upon this occasion. The Panjkora, a tributary of the Swat from the Mohmund hills of the west, is within one or two days' march of Robat and Chakdara, which are the positions first immediately concerned in the present conflict. The Khan of Robat, acting in alliance with us, last week drove off the Mad Mullah's partisans from the hills at the head of the Nipki Khel Valley, where they were threatening the road to Chitral. The forces of the Mad Mullah, who is sometimes spoken of as "the Mad Fakir," both words signifying a religious fanatical preacher, were reckoned at the end of last week to number six thousand armed tribesmen, assembled in the Nipki Khel Valley; and it was

apprehended that the Khan of Khel, without the aid of British troops, might not be strong enough to resist such an attack. But considerable reinforcements were on their way to join the British garrison at Malakhand, comprising the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, 1st West Surrey, 47th Battery of Field Artillery, a Mountain Battery, 1st Bengal Lancers, Bengal Sappers, Punjabi Infantry, Gurkhas, and other native troops. A field force is being formed, under the command of Major-General H. G. Waterfield, C.B., who commanded a brigade in the Chitral Campaign of 1895. Latest advices point to the conclusion that the Mad Mullah's influence is declining. He has withdrawn to Sherjalam, six miles up the river from Chakdara.

Fighting is reported to have occurred on Dec. 4, between the Mullah's followers and the Pinda Khels. The latter tribe own allegiance to the Nawab of Dir. The skirmish is said to have taken place at a point about twenty-five miles distant from Chakdara. On the same day the 10th Bengal Lancers made a reconnaissance towards Aladand, from Jelala, in the Lower Swat Valley. The troops reported all quiet in that direction. Major Deane's peace proposals are being responded to in the Upper Swat Valley, and the tribesmen are coming in. Feeling in Bajaur is also subsiding. A movable column which was despatched from Khar to Chakdara, has been reinforced under Brigadier-General Reid. It consists of two squadrons of the 10th Bengal Lancers, No. 5 Bombay Mountain Battery, the 30th Punjab Infantry, and detachments from other regiments, about 2500 in all.



PANJKORA, A DAY'S MARCH FROM ROBAT AND TWO FROM CHAKDARA, WHERE COLONEL BATTYE WAS KILLED IN 1895.





RAILWAY BRIDGE RECENTLY ERECTED AT BERNE.



BERNE, WITH THE NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE.



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

It was a sad Jubilee which the Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated on December 2 at the Castle of Wallsee, surrounded by his two surviving daughters, their families, and the widow of the late Crown Prince and her only child, Archduchess Elizabeth. The festivities and the general rejoicing which were expected to signalise the auspicious occasion have

the first day of December last year she capsized, and nine out of her crew of thirteen were drowned. On the first of December this year the fate was reversed—the crew was saved but the boat was lost. At the rumour that a steamer had foundered near the Kentish Knock Light-ship, the *Friend of All Nations*, towed by the tug-boat *Harold*, took the most likely course to approach the supposed wreck, when suddenly Captain Rathbone heard from the crew of the surf-boat a cry: "Stop her, we are sinking!" And so they were. The boat had been swamped, and it was with difficulty that the crew

were rescued. The attempt to reach the North Foreland, with the submerged boat in tow, was then made; but without success. A great wave broke the boat, and three of her thwarts and her stem were all that the *Harold* was hauling. Margate was then made for, and was reached at half-past one in the morning, when another boat was launched by the brave crew, still towed by the *Harold*. Their quest was in vain; and the rumour of the wrecked steamer has since been discredited. It cost Margate its surf-boat all the same.

Shuja-ul-Mulk, Mehtar of Chitral, is fourth son of old Amán-ul-Mulk, "the Wrestler." During the trouble in 1895 Sir George Robertson saw fit to consider that Amir-ul-Mulk, the reigning Mehtar, had resigned. He accordingly set up his brother, Shuja-ul-Mulk, as Mehtar. This little fellow amused everybody by his princely gravity. The soldiers nicknamed him "Sugar-and-Milk," for obvious reasons. On another page we deal more fully with the doings of the Khan of Dir, the subject of another portrait.



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA  
AND KING OF HUNGARY.



ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND,  
Heir to the Throne of Austria-Hungary.



ARCHDUKE OTTO,  
Brother of Francis Ferdinand and Heir Presumptive.

THE JUBILEE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—[Photographs by Pictner, Vienna.]

given place to universal mourning throughout the empire, the terrible catastrophe of Geneva in September last still making felt its grievous influence in all parts of the realm, upon all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The venerable Emperor of Austria, who is one of the oldest Knights of the Garter and Honorary Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards, was born Aug. 18, 1830, the son of Archduke Francis Charles and the Bavarian Princess Sophie, sister to the mother of the late Empress Elizabeth. He ascended the throne on Dec. 2, 1848, the year of the outbreak of the memorable revolution in France, which also swept with considerable force through his own dominions. His career is especially remarkable on account of the change which took place in his ideas, for from a despotic, bigoted autocrat he became one of the most liberal-minded constitutional rulers of Europe. His life has been darkened by the most dire calamities; his brother was executed in Mexico as a traitor; his only son committed suicide; his wife, to whom he was so warmly attached, fell the victim of an assassin's knife; and these are only a few, though the most distressing, of the disasters which fell to the Emperor's lot.

Through the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph in 1889 the eldest son of the Emperor's brother Charles Louis (born 1863) became heir to the throne. He represented Francis Joseph at the Diamond Jubilee of our Queen. Unfortunately, Archduke Francis Ferdinand is delicate and unmarried; and the heir-presumptive is Archduke Otto (born 1865), who wedded a Saxon Princess, Marie Josepha, and has two sons, the elder born in 1887, the younger in 1893. The former is named after his grand-uncle, Francis Joseph, and his birthday is only one day before that of the Emperor—namely, Aug. 17.

The *Friend of All Nations*, as the Margate surf-boat was named, has ended its career of cosmopolitan philanthropy. On



THE "FRIEND OF ALL NATIONS" SURF-BOAT, WRECKED AT MARGATE ON DECEMBER 1.  
[Photograph by G. E. Houghton, Margate.]



INDIAN FRONTIER DISTURBANCES.—MUHAMMAD SHARIF, KHAN OF DIR, AND FOLLOWERS.



SHUJA-UL-MULK, MEHTAR OF CHITRAL.



Oxborough Hall, of which three views are given on this page, is one of the most interesting family seats in Norfolk. The manor formerly belonged to Torchil the Dane, and is now, together with the Hall, the property of the Bedingfields, originally a Suffolk family, to whom the house and lands came about the middle of the fifteenth century, through the marriage of Margaret Tuddenham to Sir Edmund Bedingfield. The Hall also dates from the fifteenth century, and is a castellated brick quadrangle with towers eighty feet high. It is surrounded by a moat, and has a fine old gateway. There is a considerable collection of curious tapestry and oil-paintings. Henry VII. paid a visit to Oxborough Hall, and the room and bed where he slept are still shown. The bed is one of those massive encumbrances necessary to the dignity of our ancestors, but anathema to the hygienic enlightenment of their descendants.

The national vanity of England, as the land of sport and sportsmen, has suffered a slight shock. The Earl of Durham, who has done so much for the reform of the Turf, made a speech on Friday night in York at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club. Mentioning the word "mediocrity," as if it had as fatal a sound in the stable and on the course as it has in the studio and on the publishing market, Lord Durham had two great compliments to pay—one to America and the other to France. Ted Sloan's visit to this country he welcomed because English jockeys, "excessively few of whom have any idea of what pace means," have so much to learn from the American rider, who does not pull his horses about as they do. Then Lord Durham welcomed the victory of the French in the Gold Cup because it brought home to England her folly in putting forward "bad



OXBOROUGH HALL, NORFOLK.

will be made; the other will be merely planned and be carried out when the development of international traffic renders one insufficient. There will be a continual stream of water running through the tunnel, which will cool the air for the workmen, and help to carry away the debris after dynamite has been used. The company expect to bore at least ten yards a day, and they are working from both sides, the Italian and the Swiss, at once, so as to meet in the middle. They are hoping to finish the work in five years instead of five and a half years as agreed, for a clause was inserted in the contract promising five thousand francs a day for every day saved. On the other hand, however, for each day over the five and a half years they will have to dock their bills of five thousand francs.

The victims of condign punishment have not infrequently displayed a curious vanity as to the details of its infliction. At Lauder Bridge, Cochrane, the favourite of James III., begged in vain that a silken tent-rope might be used to hang him; Lord Ferrers was luckier, and took silk at his exit; and instances could be multiplied indefinitely. This spirit is not yet extinct, for an old Rugbeian writes to a leading daily paper to point out, apropos of the temporary episcopal headship of Harrow, that at Rugby when Dr. Percival was Bishop of Hereford and Head Master in one, he (the author of the epistle) came very near being birched by a Bishop. He was fortunate enough, he says, to get off with "lines," as the Bishop is a muscular Christian; nevertheless, he seems almost to cherish a lingering regret at missing the distinction of castigation by a mitred executioner.



FIREPLACE IN THE KING'S ROOM, OXBOROUGH HALL.

horses" in "falsely run races." He hoped the French, whose racing he admires, will bring over more horses next year, so that the competition may in the long run improve the stamina of English horses. The luck of England on the Turf would seem to be, in Lord Durham's opinion, rather run down at present; and his view will seem to some to gain confirmation from the fact that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and not the Duke of Portland or Lord Rosebery, or any other English-born sportsman, heads the list of winning owners for the season just completed. He has won £30,000, where the Duke of Westminster, whose name comes next, has only £16,000, and he has won mainly with horses bearing the names of Goletta, Galopin, St. Gris, Jacquemart, and Fosco.

The town-fever that has been depopulating the agricultural districts for the last fifty years is, of course, inevitable; but it is also awkward. Townsmen may realise the pass to which things have come by reading the address delivered the other day by Mr. Rider Haggard at a meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture. Mr. Haggard himself has had, he says, "great difficulty in getting skilled labourers under sixty years of age," and as for a young man for his farm, the novelist has been in search of such a being for two years, and has still to seek.

The tunnelling of the Simplon Pass, the undertaking which has just been solemnly blessed by the Bishop of Sion, will be a gigantic piece of work. A syndicate of firms from Hamburg, Zurich, and Winterthur are engaged on the enterprise, which they have guaranteed to finish in five and a half years for the modest sum of fifty-three million francs. It seems that two tunnels have to be bored running parallel with each other at a distance of eighteen yards apart, and joined by galleries. First of all, one tunnel only



THE KING'S ROOM, OXBOROUGH HALL, WITH BED IN WHICH HENRY VII. SLEPT.  
*Photographs by H. W. Harold, Stoke Ferry.*



O N T H E W A Y T O K L O N D I K E.



FORT SIMPSON. BRITISH COLUMBIA.



A FUNERAL ON THE KLONDIKE.



Surgeon Major-General Nash.

The Sirdar.

Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein



THE QUEEN AND HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS: THE ROYAL VISIT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL ON DECEMBER 3.





PENURY.

*From the Drawing by Hal Hurst.*





# THE DRAMA IN CHINA.

A theatrical performance in a Chinese playhouse may begin at two in the afternoon, or at any time afterwards, and will last till one or two in the morning. A single play goes on night after night for a week or two. Curtain, footlights, scenery, and so forth are wholly dispensed with. A couple of chairs, tables, an incense-burner, a flag or two, are the stage properties. A board on which is written "Wood, Room, Palace, etc.," suffices to indicate the "scenery." The imagination of the audience does the rest. The orchestra (sic) equates itself down anywhere. The versatility of the actor is worthy of notice. They are poets, actors, acrobats, singers, musicians, all in one. The costumes are rich in the extreme.





LA RELIGIEUSE.









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A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.  
After the Picture by F. von Hartmann.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, after much unminuted discussion, has decided not to circulate the Revised Version of the Scriptures.

The "prophet" Wroe, one of the successors of Joanna Southcott, died in 1861. A Mr. Milton, who claims to be the sixth prophet in the succession of which Joanna Southcott was the second, has come across from America, and is inquiring after the property which once belonged to the sect or its prophet in Yorkshire. These little sects die very hard. I believe there are still Muggletonians in England.

Prebendary Webb Pople, the well-known Evangelical leader, has informed the Bishop of London that if the new processional crucifix at St. Paul's is carried before him when his turn comes to preach, he will protest against its use.

It is said that the name of the donor who sent the money to the Official Receiver will be placed on the altar plate at St. Paul's in lieu of that of Mr. Ernest Hooley. This appears to be decidedly ingenious.

The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, preached the last of the special Sunday evening sermons to the junior members of Oxford University. His text was "The time is short," and his subject the motto, "Plan your life as if you had long to live; live it as if you expected to die soon."

A clergyman in Bath gives a description of the pyx used by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, which has passed through successive generations to the present possessor. The father of the owner, who was beneficed in Ireland, frequently made use of it in his large parish. The body of the pyx is of dark shell handsomely spotted with white. The lid is of solid silver, a large agate forming a boss on the surface. An inscription runs as follows in antique lettering—

Hæc pyxis quondam erat usui Jer. Taylor Episcopo.

Some of the religious papers are not favourable to Lord Kitchener's Gordon Memorial College. One of them says: "It is the repetition of the old story, which this materialistic age will never understand: we are asked to do the work of Christianity without Christ. To us it is simply appalling to read the efforts to defend the theory that Christianity will not benefit the Sudanese, whose faith is already sufficient for them. Have we so soon forgotten what that religion has done for the Sudan during the last twenty years, to go no further back, and what that religion has done and is doing for the peoples of the Ottoman Empire?"

Canon Gore is delivering lectures in Westminster Abbey on Saturdays during this month. His subjects being (1) Conscience, (2) Judgment, (3) Immortality.

Fifty of the newly elected Lord Mayors and Mayors have promised to support meetings on behalf of the Church Army, and it is expected that one half of all the heads of municipalities in England and Wales will consent to preside at similar meetings.

Mr. Kensit has been visiting Dublin and Belfast, and appears to be welcomed by the Evangelical Churchmen in Ireland.

The late Dr. Kane, of Belfast, is spoken of very respectfully by the Roman Catholic papers. It is said that his family are poorly provided for, but no doubt his friends will come forward.

A Holborn curate protests against the removal of the costers' stalls on the east side of Farringdon Road. He says that the booksellers are very useful to him, as he is able to buy good theological books at twopenny.

The dyeing trade of Bradford and the district may well take rank as one of our foremost national industries; and this lends additional interest to the statement that early in the coming week there will be introduced to public notice the Bradford Dyers' Association, Limited, an undertaking which vies in importance with the most successful and genuine industrial enterprises which have been created or developed of late years. The share capital is, we understand, fixed at £3,000,000, equally divided into cumulative preference and ordinary shares of £1 each; supplemented by £1,500,000 four per cent. first mortgage irredeemable debenture stock. The present issue is £1,000,000 debenture stock (issued in multiples of £10), £1,000,000 five per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and £1,000,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. As, however, one-third of the above issue—namely, £333,333 debenture stock, £333,333 preference shares, and £333,333 ordinary shares, are to be issued to the vendors in part payment of the purchase-money, there will be offered for public subscription at par only the remaining two-thirds—namely, £666,667 debenture stock, £666,667 preference shares, and £666,667 ordinary shares. The unissued balance of the debenture stock will only be issued against the acquisition of property and assets valued at one-third more than the debenture stock to be issued. The company now formed will acquire upwards of twenty companies and firms engaged in the Bradford piece-dyeing trade, including the largest and most celebrated of these organisations. The vast extent of the dyeing industry in Bradford and the district is probably not generally realised; so that the public will learn with surprise that the annual average turnover of the now amalgamated businesses for the last three years was upwards of 200,000,000 yards of cloth, valued probably at from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000. As the dyers do the whole of the work on commission and on cash terms, they run no risk of incurring losses by falling markets, and it is stated that the bad debts are inappreciable. So satisfied are the vendors of this powerful group of businesses that the public will appreciate the opportunity of acquiring an interest in this great "combine," that they have not allowed any portion of the capital to be underwritten or wasted a shilling on what is known as promotion money. The shareholders will consequently obtain this magnificent property for the exact sum which the valuers certify it to be worth—an amount verging on £3,000,000. The directorate is entirely composed of practical men, so that the shareholders' interests will be effectually safeguarded.

## CHESS.

Dr. T. St. (Camberwell).—The problem is defective, and therefore all answers are treated as void; but you are entitled to credit as one also pointed out both the error and the author's intended solution. W. M. K. (Farnham).—In our issue of Nov. 19 we replied to C. E. P. and others, giving the full solution of No. 2-42. We must refer you to that answer.

W. Wilson. (1) You will have some difficulty in getting a copy of Mr. Healey's collection. (2) It is not likely to be found at a second-hand bookseller's, but you might try.

A. G. Strong. A very pleasing problem, which we shall be glad to publish. H. Baskrow. B takes P at Q. Kt 6th seems another solution. The problem is ingenious, and you should correct this.

J. M. Houser. Your problem is correct, but somewhat too easy for our purpose.

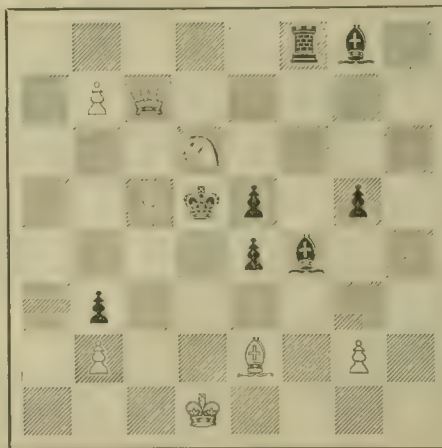
H. Gray. Still wrong by 1. B to B 8th (ch), followed by 2. Kt to R 3rd.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2830 and 2837 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of Nos. 2842 and 2843 from Upendranath Mitra (Chimshah); of No. 2845 from Armand de Rouet-Moises (Bullington); of No. 2846 from Percy Charles New York; of No. 2848 from W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), C. E. H. (Clifton), E. G. Boys, Miss D. Gerson, Captain J. A. Chulieu (Coast Yarmouth), G. W. Cutler (Exeter), Dr. Waltz (Hedelberg), F. J. Cant (Norwood), and A. E. J. Carpenter (Faversham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2847. By Miss D. Gerson. White: 1. B to Kt 8th is the author's solution; but if Black play 1. R to K 6th, there is no mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 2851.—By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN CARLISLE.

Game played between Messrs. J. J. WILKINSON and C. PLATT.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	2. Q to K 4th	Q to K 4th
3. Q takes P		3. Q to K 4th	Q to K 4th
A bold policy, such as Kt to K 3rd or P to Q 4th, against preferable in this opening.			
4. K to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	4. K to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
5. B to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	5. B to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd
6. Kt to Q 3rd	Castles	6. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
7. Castles	P to Q 4th	7. Castles	P to Q 4th
8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
9. P takes Kt	Q takes P	9. P takes Kt	Q takes P
10. K to Kt sq	B to K 3rd	10. K to Kt sq	B to K 3rd
11. Q to Kt 3rd		11. Q to Kt 3rd	

It is not good to offer the exchange here. There is no harm in a centre attack.

## CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the championship tourney between Messrs. W. WARD and T. F. LAWRENCE.

(King Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 5th	3. B to Kt 5th	P to Kt 5th
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
7. B to Kt 5th	P to K 3rd	7. B to Kt 5th	P to K 3rd
8. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th	8. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
9. P takes P		9. P takes P	
There are many complications here, which are interesting, and of course, alternative lines of play suggest themselves. The result of Black's combinations is very much to weaken his Pawn position, though, as will be seen, he appears for a time to gain an advantage. No doubt Black aimed at taking his opponent out of the league track.			
10. P takes Kt	Q takes P	10. P takes Kt	Q takes P
11. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt	11. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt
12. P takes Kt	R to Kt sq	12. P takes Kt	R to Kt sq
13. Q to B 3rd	Q takes Q	13. Q to B 3rd	Q takes Q
14. B takes B (ch)	K takes B	14. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
15. P takes Q	R to Kt 2nd	15. P takes Q	R to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to B 3rd	B takes P	16. Kt to B 3rd	B takes P
17. Kt to Q 5th		17. Kt to Q 5th	

All that was needed was to get the Book into play. The game is an entertaining one.

We learn with much regret of the death of the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Vicar of Telford, one of the best-known English amateurs. Want of opportunity to practise and interests in other directions alone prevented him from taking the high rank as a player that his ability suggested; but his enthusiasm for the game found constant expression in many ways. He was for a long time the mainstay of the Counties Chess Association, and his services to chess in the provinces would be difficult to overestimate. He was a frequent and always interesting contributor to this column, and his analysis was often both suggestive and valuable.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is no fact of life more certain than that its children everywhere are subject to the operation of the laws of change and variation. The perpetual struggle for existence necessitates as continual an adjustment to new and fresh conditions. When the adjustment is perfect, or at least fulfils its end, the living being survives; when it is wanting or imperfect, the being goes to the wall. In this also dwells wisdom, for when even man fails to suit and adapt himself to the conditions of life, physical, social, ethical, he, too, misses the mark, and becomes one of the unfit. The operation of this law of adjustment is universal. It affects equally the monad and the man—the lichen on the wall and the stately pine. Where an organism exists outside the play of the seething tides of vitality, adjustment is slow, or it is a thing that proceeds with scarcely perceptible steps, because there is no new thing represented in the life history of the being.

A chalk-animalcule living on the sea-surface, or some other organism inhabiting an abyssal depth, illustrates the case of modification and adjustment at a standstill practically. There is a still living fish which is found fossilised in the chalk. Through how many ages has this creature lived, and through how many aeons has its kind lasted on apparently the same in the yesterday as in the to-day of the world? And there is a brachiopod or two which remains unaltered from the old, old days of the Paleozoic Cambrian age. Persistent thus, without any obvious change, we find organisms here and there, successful in their quiet uneventful existence, and demanding no new adjustment because they require it not. But this is the dead-level of existence, when all is said and done. This is the "cycle of Cathay" in biology which nobody is going to prefer to the fifty years of Europe, with its vital stir, and its delight in the battle for life and the means of living. There can be no evolution and no advance where there is the dead stillness of biological content. We may be worsted in the fight, but at least it is in the struggle that any chance of progress is to be found.

I find an application of these remarks in the case of a very interesting modification which has been proved to be represented in the case of certain microbes. The operation of the law of adjustment to environment is thus illustrated in the case of the very lowest organisms as it is in the life-history of the highest. The microbes in question are the germs which produce tuberculosis in man (and his neighbour mammals) and in birds respectively. It has long been known that there exist differences between these microbes as they exist in the disease of man and in that of the bird. These differences are demonstrable in various ways. For example, the microbe of the bird will flourish at a temperature at which that of man succumbs. Again, under cultivation in the laboratory, the two germs exhibit essential points of difference. Nor is this all. Used for inoculation, it has been found that the disease as represented in man and mammals cannot be communicated to the bird. Contrariwise, the dog cannot be infected by inoculation with the microbe derived from the fowl.

Such considerations clearly indicate one or other of two things. Either we are dealing with two distinct species of germs, as distinct, say, as the crow and the raven, or we are face to face with the results of modification and variation of one and the same species. The fact that both germs produce a disease that may be taken to be identical in bird and quadruped, is itself a primary feature we should not lose sight of in the endeavour to determine the relationships of the two microbes. This feature would suggest of itself the probability that the two microbes were nearly related, and that they represent, not the distinctions of two species, but the variations of one and the same germ. I may also point out a fact which has some bearing on the question at issue—namely, that birds may be infected when, as happens, they devour matter derived from human tuberculosis. I do not know that this fact has been denied or disputed, and if so, it certainly would go far to shadow forth the identity of the germs. When we get to the end of our tether as regards any important question in science—and the nature of these germs is an all-important hygienic problem in view of securing our safety from tubercular attack—we possess one court of appeal. This is the appeal to nature by the avenue of experiment. Hence to the experimental investigations of M. Nocard we may look for a ray of light upon this biological problem.

The point to be determined was whether any difference or any likeness could be accentuated by the cultivation of the two microbes. There is a very ingenious mode of experiment whereby the bacilli are enclosed in tiny capsules which permit of their being nourished by the fluids of the animal frame, and without disturbance by the white blood-cells or phagocytes which attack and devour germs at large. The experiment is painless, and the animal nourishes the little capsules day by day. Now, treated in this way, M. Nocard was able to show that the bacilli of human tuberculosis, subjected to the operation of the bird's body fluids, actually developed all the characters of the germs hitherto believed to be peculiar to the bird, and when used for inoculation behave as do those derived from the bird. Nor is this all. If, so far, the case is evidently one of adjustment to new surroundings, developing new characters in the germ—which is the contention of a natural theory of evolution—then it remains to prove further that the germs so modified from those of man resemble those of the bird in all characters. M. Nocard, after a laborious research involving the transference of the bacilli in these capsules to other birds, was able to produce from germs, originally human, others which in all respects were identical with those of the bird. When used for inoculation in the bird, the cultivated germs produced tuberculosis, and this, we have seen, is a result which is not possible with the ordinary human bacillus. Here, then, we find the great law of adjustment operating, as it does everywhere, to produce a universe of variation, diversity, and change.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

The afternoon was foggy, the streets were wet, and the squares through which I had bowled looked miserable and deserted; and yet I felt like the "little blue mandarin" of Mr. Austin Dobson's making, who sighed over the beautiful maid with an "Ah, no, but it might have been!"—

As it was, from her palanquin  
She laughed "You're a week too late!"  
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

I sighed, not on a Nankin plate, but in Phillips's in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square; and I sighed because my house was not big enough, nor my purse long enough, for me to carry off the treasures that lay before me on the daintily covered tables—the gleaming crystal sparkling in the electric-light, and reflected on the mirror-topped shelf; the pretty china plates and cups; the gorgeous vases towering above me from the hand of Solon, and Woodall, and Labarre; the delicate Dresden shepherdesses; and even the Nankin plate, on which the "little blue mandarin" (whom I represented in imagination) embodies for all time his blighted hopes. And yet there was compensation even in non-possession for myself: for here was gathered all that is best in the art of pottery and crystal, an art in which England, whatever her ailments, still leads.

"Phillips's" has become a household word. As a matter of fact, there is no Mr. Phillips in the business at all, for it is a hundred and twenty-eight years since the famous house was opened, and much takes place in that time. But age has made Phillips's sage, and has helped it to escape the dotage that ordinarily overtakes an old-established firm; for there is new blood in the business; and while inheriting the experience of the founders, it fires the new house to greater endeavour. Hence my visit that foggy afternoon to the splendid building in Mount Street.

Pottery is apt to crack; and the danger extends to many of the merchants therein. London had, indeed, become clogged with some old-fashioned businesses,

conducted in a conservative way, which constantly increased stock, holding on to the old prices until expansion became impossible. One day an idea struck the young blood that had begun to circulate through Phillips's: Why should the old houses go on thus? Why not buy them up? Why not try the policy of the Open Door? So in course of time Mortlock's in Regent Street, Greene's in the City, and Cullum and Sharpe's were annexed, till the premises of Phillips's in Oxford Street, spacious as they were, became too small, and had to be removed. So the present building in Mount Street was taken—it stands on the site of a china-shop of a century ago—and thither has been shifted the stocks of Mortlock's



WORCESTER VASE.

and Greene's and Cullum and Sharpe's, offered to the public at extraordinarily cheap prices. For the policy of Phillips's has wisely become: "Don't accumulate stock!" Stock becomes a dead weight, heavy enough to strangle enterprise and expansion, and has almost wrecked many old businesses. So Phillips's buys up and sells again at all hazards; hence these wonderfully low prices; for the plates, the cups, the saucers, the glasses of to-day must be cleared out to make way for the purchases of to-morrow. Thus has Phillips's grown, and thus has it become the greatest mart for everything that pertains to the potter's art.

Were I to fill columns of this journal I could not hope to inventory the treasures of Phillips's, where your taste may be gratified for a penny or for £1500. Thus, you may begin on one table with a wine service for sixty shillings, and work your way up to £424 10s. at the other end. Here is a penny dessert-plate, there is another priced twenty-seven guineas, the set costing £700.

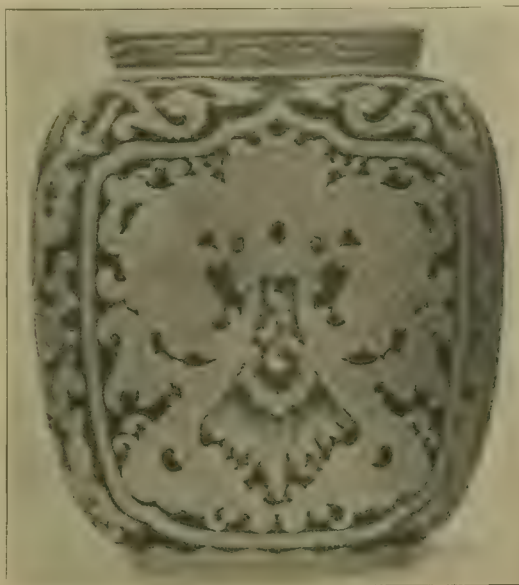
What will strike the visitor to-day, however, is the collection of gorgeous vases. First, there is a large Diana vase of Doulton ware, painted by the clever French artist Charles Labarre. It stands five feet high, and in order that you may see it in its entire beauty, it is made to revolve in an iron socket let in near the foot. Why describe it, since the picture reproduced herewith speaks for the qualities of the treasure? Suffice it to say it took many months to make, and represents old ivory. The original cost of it was £1200, but to-day Phillips's offer it for £300, a fourth of the price. There is only one other vase like it in existence. Another Doulton vase which cost £105 is offered now at £30. There is a vase by Solon which took eighteen months to make, and is offered at 550 guineas. England is represented in the beautiful cameo glass vase by Woodall, of Stourbridge, which cost as much as £60 to make, though you may have it to-day for £15 on Phillips's

principle of clearing off. There is a beautiful Worcester vase, with spiral flutes embossed and coloured soft pink with groups of painted flowers; and near at hand you come upon a Crown Derby vase of old Bristol design, festooned with painted flowers. Two lovely glass plaques attract the eye at once. They represent Antony and



THE DIANA VASE, PAINTED BY LABARRE, COST £1200.

Cleopatra, and the price is 1500 guineas. The cost of these great samples of the potter's art is increased not merely by reason of the paintings made on them by some skilled artist, but also on account of the extraordinary difficulty of getting the pieces perfect to the very last. No matter how experienced the potter may be, there is always the risk that at some stage or other—even at the very last firing—a crack may set in which, though hardly visible to the layman's eye, will be immediately detected by the expert. Such a flaw will, of course, reduce the value of the piece by a great deal. There is one sample of a basin at Phillips's with such a flaw, and the price has had to be reduced by £400. Thus it is that when the piece emerges from the fiery furnace perfect, the potter must be paid for his triumph. Similarly with cut-glass the difficulties of turning out one big specimen are enormous. Take the case of one monster goblet.



CAMEO GLASS VASE BY WOODALL.

It weighs some twenty pounds, and the worker had to hold it in his hands all the time he was getting it cut into these brilliant facets that sparkle in the light. For months the patient artist bowed and bent himself over this great work, till his back nearly bent with him. The consequence was that he was compelled to decline Phillips's order for another of the same, so that this goblet stands alone—the only one of its kind in the world. Thus do you get variety and to spare in Phillips's, for side by side with a wine-glass, that can be turned out by the million at three-pence-halfpenny each, you get such a unique sample of art as the goblet I have referred to, which is quite irreplaceable.

Having dealt with the gems of Phillips's splendid collection, let me turn to the cheaper articles which are arranged in every corner of the great show-room.

On one table alone I saw a set of beautiful glasses all marked ten shillings each—vases, flower-stands, lamps, what not. I am certain that no article was made for ten shillings, but Phillips's want to get them out of hand. And there is little difficulty in so doing, for this particular table is surrounded from morning to night by troops of ladies who find their way to Mount Street, defiant of wind and weather. Another collection of five-shilling articles on an adjoining table attracts even more attention.

The backbone of Phillips's business is essentially English, for England, as I have said, still holds its own in the potter's art. But there are exceptions. For example, the French beat us in the fire-proof clay articles which are now so much the vogue for cooking. They are so clean that metal articles have had to go down before them, and they are so daintily made, from the merely artistic point of view, that they hold their own in the market. Nothing could be more charming than the amber-like colour of the clay in the tureens and dishes for the table; it is not possible to beat the quality of the clay in the coffee-pots—and you may leave the French to choose the best utensils for coffee. Then there is some good German ware—original ware, I mean—for Phillips's does not believe in importing German goods that are merely imitations of what our English potters have designed; and there is a great deal of that done.

As far as England is concerned—perhaps I should say Great Britain—nothing is wanting. There are the choicest things from Worcester, Derby, and Stourbridge.

Wedgwood—which can hardly keep pace with the demands made on it—is widely represented. From Edinburgh the cheapest glass—and by far the best at the price—while Cumnock supplies quaint old mugs, porringers, and salt-cellars, adorned with old-fashioned mottoes, such as "Owre muckle water drowned the miller," "Help yersel' and dinna be blate!" "Rax out tae the snut." That may strike you as somewhat cryptic, but I am told that the Scot exiled in London eagerly possesses himself of this ware to keep the memory of his native heather from waning in the fogs of the town.

Phillips's, I have said, is modern in its entire spirit; and yet the house supplies goods to patterns of a hundred years ago. There is nothing, in fact, that Phillips's cannot supply. Go down to the spacious basement, and as you file past stack after stack of crockery you feel sure that if London was to be besieged to-morrow the plates and the cups and the saucers would not, at any rate, give out. Thousands on thousands of complete sets of services are arranged with the utmost method. Thus, for example, a battery of the Royal Artillery stationed on the Indian Frontier has only to wire to Phillips's that it wants so many plates and so many cups, and by the very next mail the order is on board a steamer with the crest of the battery burned indelibly in the ware. Everything that the potter, pursuing his immemorial art, can make is kept in Mount Street, which looks so trim and new in its bright red brick; and the move of the firm in buying up the old businesses of London makes its position only the more secure, and ensures its being the place to go to for the best value. At present, Phillips's offers unusual value for the reasons I have stated. Don't be "a week too late," like the "little blue mandarin" with whose pathetic story I started.



CROWN DERBY VASE.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Gloria Mundi*. By Harold Frederic. (William Heinemann.)  
*Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Macmillan.)  
*The Troubles of Tatters, and Other Stories*. By Alice T. Morris. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. (Blackie.)  
*Nanno*. By Rosa Mulholland. (Grant Richards.)  
*One Way of Love*. By Dulla Balfour. (T. Fisher Unwin.)  
*When Love is Kind*. By H. A. Hinkson. (John Long.)  
*The Impediment*. By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Langmaid de Longgarde). (William Blackwood and Sons.)  
*The Romance of a Midshipman*. By W. Clark Russell. (T. Fisher Unwin.)  
*The Californians*. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)  
*Wit, Character, Folklore, and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire*. With a Glossary of over Four Thousand Words and Idioms now in Use. By Richard Blackborough, Society Humourist. (Henry Frowde.)  
*The King's Reeve*. By the Rev. E. Gilliat. (Seeley.)

The melancholy truth about Mr. Harold Frederic's book is that a great deal of patient workmanship runs to waste in it. There are novels which the reader closes from time to time that he may say to himself: "The author of this story is a clever man. How on earth did he persist in going on with it when he must have seen that the scheme had broken down?" The scheme of "*Gloria Mundi*" is the sorry fate of one of the oldest dual families of England till the succession passes to a young man who was born and educated in France, who has the temperament of the South, who has worked for his living, who is a democrat, at all events till he wears a coronet. Moreover, his father, eldest son of the late Duke of Glastonbury, left England under a cloud of the worst kind of scandal. With these elements, it is conceivable that a very powerful novel might be written. Mr. Frederic did not write it. In the beginning, Christian Tower, summoned to England as the heir to the dukedom, and meeting on the way Frances Bailey, a very independent young woman who earns her livelihood by type-writing—in the beginning Christian is rather promising. But a few pages exhaust him. There is nothing in the young man except an earnest manner, a sensitiveness prone to tears, a sort of dog-like affection. At the end he becomes suddenly rather dual, but this is too much for his private secretary, who, in the most amusing passage of the book, says he cannot stand this "dukeness." In short, the character of Christian neither proves nor illustrates anything. His relatives are nearly all bores. His grandfather is a dying brute, two of his cousins are little better than scamps, his uncle promises to be exceeding wise and flickers out, and a third cousin is a stupendous prig who has invented a social "System." All these people are described with minute care and conspicuous ability, but they do not repay the trouble. Lady Cressage, widow of the late heir who was drowned, is an interesting and pathetic figure. She would like to marry Christian, but he prefers the typewriting damsel, though he is within an ace of proposing to the other. So Lady Cressage passes forlornly out of the story, taking all our sympathies with her.

Elizabeth of the "German garden" is a clever and thoughtful lady, with a German husband. In this volume she tells how, wearied of rapid town life, she took refuge in a deserted mansion, with a large garden run to waste, in a secluded region of North Germany, near the Baltic shore. She puts everything to rights, and describes herself as happiest of the happy in comparative solitude and her "German garden," among the flowers that blossom and the shrubs that thrive beneath her fostering care. The description of her felicity is saved from monotony by various human arrivals in her paradise. One of her visitors is a neighbouring châtelaine, a lively and witty German lady; another is a credulous and not over-wise young Englishwoman, capably drawn, who has come to Germany in search of "copy," and on whom Elizabeth and her friend play off all sorts of amusing hoaxes. There is, too, the occasional presence of the husband, half seriously, half playfully didactic, who prefers town to the "German garden," and delivers lectures on feminine caprice and conceit, which earn for him the irreverent appellation of "The Man of Wrath." The children and a governess of the most irreproachable English type complete the party. There are interesting glimpses given incidentally of the German rural life of an unsophisticated population. The volume is pleasant reading from the first page to the last.

The flood of publications for juveniles at Christmas-tide will bring intelligent little people no more delightful reading and pictures than the contents of Alice T. Morris's pretty volume. It opens with the adventures of Tatters, a dog of the humblest extraction, but faithful and affectionate, who loses his vagrant master, and has much to suffer from men and other dogs before he is found again. The stories are dainty novelettes of animate and inanimate nature, in which bird and beast, insect, and flower and leaf are made to act or to talk, either or both, with a seeming naturalness which does great credit to Miss Morris's ingenuity and familiarity with organic nature. The illustrations are, in their own way, as clever and charming as the letterpress. Miss Woodward is not quite so successful with the human figure as in her drawings of the tenants of field and farm, meadow and garden, air and water, the truthful, spirited, and sympathetic characterisation displayed in which are worthy of all praise.

"Nanno" is a tale that might have been made to end in happiness, one thinks, without sacrificing truth or likelihood. Nanno is a child of the State, and the State proves the worst of parents. Under its influence she grows up ignorant, and under its guardianship she loses what remnant of a good name is left to a workhouse girl. But there is grit in her, and there are aspirations; and the timely help of a priest is all that is needed to shove her on to a road of honest work, which she keeps to tenaciously. Two homes and two new names are offered to herself and her child, but both are refused; the first because she does not trust her suitor will forgive her past history when he learns it, and the second for a reason that is more austere and perhaps a little too fine-drawn. At least, it would not

have force with an English girl in Nanno's situation. But the story is an Irish one, and national ideals in such matters differ widely. We give in to Lady Gilbert's conclusion the more willingly that the rest of the story is everywhere vividly true to humble Irish life.

Mr. Arthur West's way of love, in Mrs. Radford's story, was to flatter a girl when he was paying an otherwise dull visit in the country; and speedily to forget her and engage himself to another when he went back to a more interesting *milieu*. But Sacha, the deceived one, had a better memory, and it was a very battered little heart she took up to London when her home became intolerable to her. Of course, one of her chief friends there is the *fiancée* of her false lover. At the inevitable meeting she is wonderfully composed, and afterwards she bears up very well, considering all the gushing sympathy she is forced to endure. A sensible woman friend advises the new *fiancée* to give up West, who has proved so untrustworthy. But she refuses, saying, "I shall keep his ring; that is my tragedy." It would have been more straightforward to say she liked him, and would marry him. There are pleasant glimpses of a girl's studio in London; and while the story never takes fast hold of our interest, yet it pleases by its gentle refinement and its pretty and poetical tone.

We looked forward in Mr. Hinkson's book to a placid tale of the pleasant sunny moods of Love, but the pretty promise of the title was soon broken. Perhaps the story is all the more real that to poor Maya and to Hamilton Love proves far from kind, and that even the two principals tread a thorny path on their way to blessedness. The final kindness of Love is bought by a deal of pain. For the rest, it is a wholesome Irish story, breathing an ardent love of country life. The characters stand out clear and convincing, and an uncommon ability has gone to the description of the relations between the Standishes, father, son, and stepmother. There are some conversational gymnastics which do not add to our sense of entertainment, but they are only symptoms of the experimental temper of the writer, who is vigorous enough to be ambitious of success in new paths.

"At eighteen the dominant note in Jessie Drummond's character was discontent" is the opening sentence and keynote to Miss Dorothea Gerard's "*The Impediment*." Jessie's discontent with her father's home and sphere leads her to marry a one-eyed, weedy, sensitive, and self-conscious Baronet, for whom she cared, and professed to care, nothing. "I suppose you believe in love?" she asks when he proposes. "I suppose so," he repeated mechanically. "Very well, then, let us make a compact. You can be in love with me as much as you like, and I promise only to like you and be a good wife. There—will that do?" Whether she kept her promise let the reader judge. She shilly-shallies with an old love till she drove the Baronet to suicide, and shilly-shallies still with this lover when thus made free to marry him, till she wrecked the life of another girl to whom he had engaged himself. Her own happiness would have been dear at the cost of so much misery, if she had secured it, but we cannot think she did, for the real "impediment" lay in herself, her selfishness, and her discontent.

The interest in Mr. W. Clark Russell's "*The Romance of a Midshipman*" is not at all that suggested by the title, since there is little romance, and that little is not engrossing. But the incidental interest in the novel more than makes up for the lack of go and grip in the story, since Mr. Clark Russell has surpassed even himself in his descriptions of sea and sky, of wreck and derelict, and especially of that strange derelict, the floating island.

In Miss Gertrude Atherton's brilliant novel, "*The Californians*," it is hard to say whether our interest in the story itself or in its incidents and accidents is the keener. Its noble heroine is the daughter of a New England mother, who is a nonentity, and of a Spanish father who becomes so infected by an American friend with the Yankee lust for gold as to care for little else, least of all for his own and only child. Indeed, he is such a savage as to flog the girl ferociously when she was well on in her teens. As she is forbidden to seek outside her home for the sympathy denied her within it, she grows up morbidly shy, self-conscious, self-distrustful, and self-tormenting. The effects of her environment upon her character are described with masterly insight and skill, while the characters of her monomaniacal father (who finally and characteristically uses the flag of the country of his adoption and of his adoration to hang himself with), of her elderly, worldly, wavering, and worthless lover, and of her brilliant, reckless, and treacherous friend and rival are all delineated with unusual power.

Mr. R. Blackborough's "*Yorkshire Wit, Character, Folklore, and Customs*" will certainly be interesting to those to whom it will be intelligible, but the dialect is fearsome. Here is a specimen story, selected, however, not so much for superior excellence as for superior intelligibility: "Old Sally was dying. On being asked by the Vicar if she felt quite happy, the old lady said with great unction, 'Oh, yes, Ah s'all seean be in Jacob's bosom.' 'Abraham's bosom, Sally,' corrected the Vicar. 'Aye, well, mebbe it is; but if y'd been unmarried for sixty-fahve year, leyke what Ah 'ev, ya wudn't be particular wheas bosom it war, seea lang ez ya gat inti somebody's.'" The story is far from new.

Mr. Gilliat's last year's story, "*In Lincoln Green*," based on the ballads of "Robin Hood," was delightful both in matter and in style. "*The King's Reeve*," a similar attempt to revivify the life of the England of Edward I., just misses the excellence of the earlier book, but it contains some fine pages that should win the admiration of the young of all ages. The ballad of John the Reeve, in Bishop Percy's collection, has supplied some of the most noticeable episodes; and Mr. Gilliat's version of the good, simple man's appearance at Court is bright, spirited, and humorous. Its power of entertainment will not stop at the school-room door.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

There is a great probability that at the next meeting of the Publishers' Association the question will be raised of the enormous tax on publishers caused by the distribution of review copies of books to the Press. It may even perhaps be moved, but to that all the publishers are not likely to agree, to discontinue the practice of sending out review copies. And yet there are not a few editors of important newspapers who would give ready agreement to some such proposition. No newspaper, unless it treats literature on the scale of the *Manchester Guardian*, and provides a column after column of characterless reviews day by day, can possibly notice half the books that appear. Even our two most distinctively literary journals, the *Athenaeum* and the *Spectator*, never get beyond the mere names of hundreds of books that are published. Were the publishers to agree unanimously not to send out books, newspaper proprietors and editors would have to buy a certain number. The difficulty, however, would be with the author, who is naturally hungry for notice. Altogether, I do not see any solution of the problem for the unhappy publishers, unless it be that the authors are made responsible for all the Press copies. The question will be much riper in ten years' time than now. With everything going at the rate of the last ten years there will be at least another fifty journals with every qualification for receiving review copies of books; and fifty more free copies of a guinea book will not be anticipated with equanimity.

Meanwhile, the booksellers have got another fertile source of agitation in the projects of Messrs. Harmsworth and Pearson for providing "the hundred best books" through their journals. Messrs. Pearson's plan has, so far, only been stated through the advertisement columns of sundry journals. The plan of Messrs. Harmsworth is to provide their readers with the set of one hundred best books selected by Sir John Lubbock, a set that Messrs. Routledge and Son, with commendable enterprise, had arranged long since in uniform binding. I suppose that no literary man would agree with Sir John Lubbock's selection of a hundred best books. It is not the selection of a literary man, but of a man who has written on banking and insects. Nevertheless, how many of us wish that when we were boys we had been thrown among one hundred books of this kind! We might have read only fifty of them, but what a delight those fifty would have been! Even to-day one thinks with pleasure of the many households throughout England which will within a year or so contain a certain number of books that it is always a joy to pick up. I found myself in a hotel in Westmorland a month or two ago, with a long evening before me and nothing to read. The whole large building could only provide two very commonplace novels. I hope the landlord of that hotel will be one of Mr. Harmsworth or Mr. Pearson's customers.

Readers of the *Times* of Nov. 30 will have noted the death of Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, the widow of the translator of Omar Khayyâm—

FitzGerald.—On the 27th inst., at Croydon, aged 90, Lucy, the only child of the late Bernard Barton, and widow of Edward FitzGerald, of Little Gunge, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

She was, as is stated in this obituary notice, the daughter of Bernard Barton, and thus formed an interesting link with the age of Byron and of Lamb, some of Byron's letters to Bernard Barton being included in Mr. Prothero's new collection of Letters, and the Lamb association having been dealt with by Mr. E. V. Lucas. A romance was once current in Woodbridge that Edward FitzGerald married Miss Lucy Barton under somewhat quaintly romantic circumstances: that Bernard Barton had upon his death-bed left his child to FitzGerald's care, and that the somewhat eccentric poet did not see how he could fulfil his trust except by marriage with his friend's daughter, and that they had agreed to part at the church door. That story, although current among the gossips of Woodbridge, has no foundation, at least, so far as concerned the parting at the church. Mrs. FitzGerald wrote a biography of her father.

It has long been a conviction in certain circles that the "kailyard" school has nearly had its day. This would not seem to be the case, if one may judge by some of the latest returns. Mr. Crockett's "*Red Axe*," I understand, has sold to a greater extent than any of his works since "*The Raiders*"; and Ian MacLaren's "*Afterwards*" has even bettered the circulation of so popular a book as "*Kate Carnegie*." The fact, of course, is that just as soon as a certain cultivated and literary public has begun to weary of an author, a vast number of readers throughout the English-speaking world are beginning to find out that author's existence.

Mrs. Montague Crackanthorpe desires me to contradict the rumour that she has any part or share in the authorship of "*The Open Question*." It now seems clear that Miss Robins is the sole author. One would suggest that Mr. Heinemann had assisted, but then that would compel me to print another paragraph of contradiction. However, every publisher "assists." Was not Constable, at least in his own opinion, "almost the author of the Waverley novels"?

The belated paragraphs about books that will be published in a few days would make a good subject for a humorist. They indicate a strange ignorance of the interior of some of our best book-stores. "*The Life of Lewis Carroll*" is a case in point. After I had read the book I found in one popular evening newspaper the statement that it was "due in a week or so." There is more than enough of Lewis Carroll in print just now. He was one of those eccentricities of genius who do not lend themselves to the biographer's art. But, in any case, the "*Life*," in one handsome volume, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and you may also read two chapters of the book in the *Century* for December, and you may supplement the story a little by an article in the new *Strand Magazine*, also written, as is the "*Life*," by Mr. Stuart Collingwood. The *Strand*, indeed, has some amusing drawings that are not in the "*Life*." C. K. S.



## ABOUT THE BRADFORD DYERS.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the Bradford dyeing trade as a national industry. Its extent may be gauged from the recital of one or two isolated facts. Some score or so of the principal firms have recently entered into a federation with the object of uniting their interests into one vast whole. During the last three years their "turn-over" has been every year, on an average, something like two hundred and thirty-five million yards of cloth, valued at from twelve to fifteen millions sterling! The weight of that amount of cloth must be about 112,000,000 lb., and it is said that the net profit annually of these federated firms runs to upwards of £200,000. Roughly speaking, the artisans engaged in the Bradford dyeing trade—that is to say, employed by the firms referred to—number about 10,000. The water used by one firm alone (but that is the largest) is reported to cost £10,000 a year; while another well-known firm spends nearly £5000 yearly for its supply of the indispensable element, which, by the way, is so precious that it is used over and over again after undergoing purification. Then the coal! What do you think of one of these huge businesses using more than 30,000 tons every year! The acreage of the ground on which one of these huge "works" stands equals that of some of our smaller towns. You must study the subject by personally visiting these hives of industry to appreciate fully the vastness of the Bradford dyeing trade, and the more you know of the commercial side of life the easier you will comprehend its importance as a factor in our national life and history. It is interesting to reflect that there is not a single unit of the population unconcerned in this Bradford industry, which appeals to both sexes.

The popular impression of "dyeing" is probably that the material whose hue it is desirous to change is "dumped" into a vat of boiling liquid, remains saturated for a few hours, and is then fished out of the "stuff" in which it has been immersed, changed from brown to yellow, or from green to pink. In the old school-books have we not seen more or less blurred woodcuts depicting the worthy dyer in his leathern apron and square-cut paper cap, vigorously stirring the contents of a big vat? And in the accompanying letterpress we have read of the brilliant hues produced by the Tyrians, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, *et hoc genus omne*, and lamented the degeneracy of the moderns. Of late years, it is true, we have been conscious that the art of producing coloured fabrics of all descriptions has undergone some startling change; but how or by whom this has been effected most of us have been, and doubtless are, totally ignorant.

Your first sensation upon entering a dye-works is that you will be glad when you are again outside. You can scarcely see a yard in front or behind for the volumes of hissing steam which envelop the whole place, reminiscent of the Lyceum stage during a representation of "Faust." Over stone paving full of puddles you pursue your devious way, squeezing past throbbing engines here and madly revolving rollers there. From first to last you are shown a score of processes, and listen to your obliging cicerone's voluble explanations, couched in cabalistic phraseology, until, deafened by the noise, blinded by the steam, and speechless with astonishment, you are profoundly grateful to rest awhile in the calm and peaceful haven of the laboratory, wherein able chemists preside over the scientific mysteries in which this wonderful art of dyeing is now enshrouded. It is a privilege to be admitted into the arena, and to see the gradual progress of those mounds of wool or cotton goods received from the manufacturer or merchant "in

visit is ended, and you come to sit down to endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of what you have witnessed, your heart is rather apt to come into your mouth, and you feel that you would be thankful indeed to him who could tell you how to make a start.

Well for you if you are accompanied on your long round of one of these mammoth "works" by one who will enact the triple rôle of "guide, philosopher, and friend," take you metaphorically, and sometimes literally, by the hand and patiently saturate your dull mind with everything necessary to make you understand something of all this whirling machinery and these fiery "plates"; for then you learn that the methods of the primitive dyers have given place to Science, that those engaged in the process are the most highly skilled craftsmen, that these are dominated by the master minds of professors of chemistry who have graduated at the Technical College of which Bradford

which are unwound from revolving cylinders, the contact of the material with the hot, spark-emitting plates being just sufficient to burn off any loose fibres which may protrude from the material without damaging the latter in any way. If you have, like ourselves, stood within hand-touch of the "singeing" plates, you will agree that the art of dyeing has its sensational side. How the material itself escapes destruction is, to our ignorant minds, a mystery. Of course, even in the best regulated of these Brad-

ford dye-houses, accidents will occasionally happen during the singeing process; but we are assured that they are very rare.

And now, after this veritable ordeal by fire, the pieces are ready for actual dyeing. There is about them that smoothness, gloss, and lustre which they have hitherto lacked during their trial trip; and the moment has arrived when our dyer has to decide as to the particular hue, shade, or tint to be employed.

When we come to the colours the process greatly increases our interest and adds to our amazement. The pattern-books and cards are truly bewildering in their number and variety, and it must not be taken as an exaggeration if we positively assert that there are millions of shades and tints! According to the particular shade required by the manufacturer, the pieces are passed into the various dye-houses. We must not linger on the fascinating subject of aniline dyes, except to make the obvious remark that these are produced from coal-tar, and that only some forty years ago one Perkin was the happy discoverer of mauve, and later of magenta, "so called after the famous battle of that name," which also gave the celebrated French general his title.

Having seen the "goods" received at the works in their natural state, and now actually dyed, we are next shown them undergoing the finishing touches—that is to say, dried in various ways according to the character of the cloth and the "finish" required by the manufacturers, "matched off" for shade, "cropped," "filled," and "tentured," or stretched out by machinery to the necessary width—the latter a remarkably interesting operation. Finally, but not before they have been subjected to still further operations, we find them in the "looking over" room, where they are keenly scrutinised, and then hydraulically pressed between hot plates and smooth mill-boards, much, we fancy, as letterpress printers deal with sheets of newly printed matter intended for *éditions de luxe*. The pieces emerge from the presses glossy and radiant, and when they are "made up" are ready to decorate the shop-windows of the great streets of the world—from our own Regent and Oxford and Bond Streets, to the Nevski

is naturally proud, at the Victoria University, at the Zürich Polytechnic, at Munich University, or at some other recognised school of learning.

Here, in the solitude of the chemist's study, we can perhaps, by an effort of memory, gather up the scattered threads of our amiable guide's peripatetic discourse, and mentally range them in something verging on order. As we have begun by mentioning the reception of the goods "in the grey" (the state in which they left the loom), it may be as well to say that before anything else is done to or with the pieces of material a private mark is sewn

on them for the purpose of identification, so that when, during our progress through "Ripleys," "Sharps," "Aykroyds," "Armitages," etc., we vaguely ask to whom such and such rolls of finished material belong, we are immediately informed by reference to the mystic signs thereon. This sewing is done by young women, whom, later, we see busily occupied at their sewing-machines joining separate "pieces" of fifty or sixty yards length into an apparently endless roll, although, as a matter of fact, the lengths are only from two hundred to five hundred yards. Entering the "crab-house" we find that previous to being scoured the pieces of material have to be "crabbed"; the purpose of "crabbing" or "setting" being to prevent the pieces from crimping or shrinking while they are undergoing scouring or dyeing. In this department, then, we watch the pieces as they pass through boiling liquors, to be next rolled on perforated cylinders and subjected to steam saturation at high pressure, the escape of the steam at this stage causing the difficulty of seeing precisely where you are, above referred to. Having now left the steaming cylinders, the pieces are next seen drying on other huge heating-machines, a few minutes sufficing to cleanse and dry them. "And what," asks the curious inquirer, "comes next?" Well, the ensuing process is the astounding one of "singeing," and it is done something in this fashion. If you can summon up sufficient courage to take your stand in a narrow gangway, passage, or aperture, you can enjoy a sensation of flesh-creeping in which the horror-loving Fat Boy would have revelled. Underneath each singeing machine is a blazing fire, heating to a red-hot pitch the "plates" (sheets of iron or copper), which are placed above the scouring heat. Over these fiery-red plates pass, with a rapidity that dazes you, the pieces of material,

IN THE TINTING-ROOMS OF A BRADFORD DYEING-HOUSE.

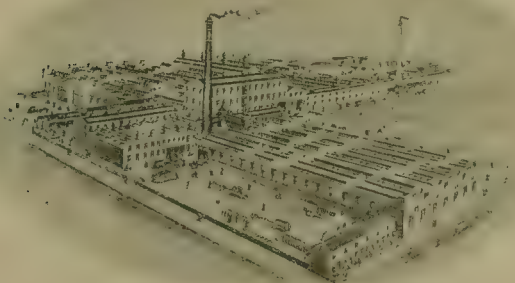


A BRADFORD DYEING-WORKS IN 1897.

Prospekt and the Rue de la Paix. And this, in brief, is "how it's done" at Bradford, the world's centre of the dyer's complex and beautiful art.

There has been lately introduced into the Bradford dyeing trade a new feature, which has already been stamped with great success. The initiated are well aware that cotton, when treated by certain chemicals, shrinks. This fact has led one of the leading firms to introduce a very ingenious new process by which the most wonderful results are obtained in *crêpons* of all colours, but mainly in blacks. This novel innovation will add enormously to the revenues of the federated firms of Bradford dyers, besides extending the already wide fame of the trade. Again, in what is technically termed the "mercerisation" of cotton goods, causing them to look so like silk that only the experienced eyes of those in the business can detect the difference, a new departure has been made by several of the firms, and a very considerable trade has been already done in this direction. The results thus obtained are marvellous, the blacks and colours being transformed into the most beautiful goods of a rich, silk-like appearance. The fabrics thus ingeniously "mercerised" are used for the linings of gentlemen's coats, skirtings, backings of ladies' dresses, corsets, and for innumerable other purposes.

Of late years Bradford has made immense strides in the production of high-class fancy fabrics, and is competing triumphantly in this direction with French and German makers, who formerly possessed the cream of the trade. It is well to know that the dyers have in these patriotic efforts been ardently supported by the local spinners and manufacturers.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF A BRADFORD DYEING-WORKS.

the grey"—that is, their natural hue, until they emerge ready for returning to their owners previous to being despatched all over the habitable globe; but when your

(sheets of iron or copper), which are placed above the scouring heat. Over these fiery-red plates pass, with a rapidity that dazes you, the pieces of material,



## LADIES' PAGES.

## DRESS.

Red, which is always much used in the winter, has this season "caught on" in a most unusually bright scarlet tone. The deeper reds only really suit brunetto complexions, though they are so bright and cheerful on the

model illustrated is smart enough for anything; there is an under-bodice, ruffled sleeves, and collar and frill all of black satin embroidered in chenille. The tea-gown is made up on silk or satin, draped over with lace ends and flounces; it has ruffled mousseline-de-soie for sleeves and front, the same material being daintily tucked at the yoke and hem. I can fancy it in periwinkle Roman satin with rosettes of velvet to match; or how would you like a glacé silk of a bright purple with rosettes of royal purple? There is so much white in the design that the foundation may be very bright.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, at 155, Regent Street, have a splendid stock of what most people consider the prime essential of a "merry Christmas"; for (pace the teetotalers) the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us, on grounds not to be denied, that every year civilised British man feels more and more a necessity for some form of stimulant to enable him to be at peace at home and in full vigour abroad. For stocking the private cellar, it is not possible to do better than pay a visit to 155, Regent Street. The establishment itself is worth seeing. The wine-cellars underground there are quite a sight, and being channelled out of sand, the cool, dry shelves keep all the fine vintages that are the speciality of the firm in excellent condition. Messrs. Hedges and Butler are her Majesty's wine-merchants, and are also the oldest wine-merchants in London, their business dating back to the last century. Every imaginable brand is to be found in their stock, from the oldest port and Madeira to the "crack" champagnes of the best recent years, and to the less well-known wines of commerce, such as the Empress Eugénie's favourite, Alicante. Messrs. Hedges and Butler also carry on business at King's Road, Brighton.

Messrs. Peter Robinson's premises at Oxford Circus become, at this time of year, a perfect fairyland of delight. Every imaginable toy can be seen here in profusion, from the delightfully noisy trumpet, the small box of toy soldiers, the armour for a budding warrior, the drowsy humming-top, or the ordinary, everyday sort of dolls'-houses, up to gramophones, musical boxes, sets of tools, and, above all, splendid mansions for Madame La Poupée, with practicable doors and windows, and with lace curtains and blinds, and noble marble columns in the halls, and other descriptions of finery. To match the grand dolls'-houses may be bought equally magnificent linen presses filled with sheets and

blankets, towels, and everything else that Mrs. Doll or her house can require; she can be presented with a trousseau already made in the daintiest manner, and packed up in a box or a basket; or the trousseau-boxes, on exactly the same plan as ladies' dress-trunks, can be bought empty, in order that ladies who prefer to make the dolls' clothes for their own little girls may do so. Then, of course, there are the inhabitants of these houses, ladies and gentlemen both, of all sizes, and of all materials of which doll-dom can possibly be composed, and dressed in every conceivable fashion, from the most up-to-date Trelawny hats and fringed polonaises, or every variation of working costume, down to the innocent long-clothes baby. If the little mistress would like to cook for her family, provision is made for gratifying this taste also. Stoves that can really be used, toy kitchens, dinner-sets, and tea-services are all forthcoming in profusion. Among the mechanical toys (of which the Queen always orders several for her grandchildren) are many most amusing—the pig ridden by a clown, the figure juggling with a long chain, the smart lady riding a tricycle, the girl drawing water from a well and startled by a frog in the bucket, the mewling pussy, the quacking duck, etc. There are kittens ranged in ranks; sheep, elephants, white rabbits, and various other creatures. Some of the animals made in cloth are large enough for a child to ride on, and are provided with wheels and a handle, so that they may be used. Elephants and a most awesome lion are included, as well as horses and donkeys. There are carts of all sorts—water-carts, dust-carts, drays, and milk-vans. Then there are the tin mechanical things, considerably cheaper than the wax clockwork models. One of the tin figures blows

soap-bubbles in a most clever manner. It would be difficult to go the round of Peter Robinson's Bazaar without finding something in the fancy goods or toys suitable for a present to a person of any age; but many girls with limited dress allowances would really prefer goods from upstairs, where gloves, laces, silk blouses, handsome-handled umbrellas, embroidered net skirts, and a number of other things in which it is impossible to "go wrong" compete for attention.

An absolutely perfect scent is Mülhens' "Rhine Violets," which gives the natural odour of the flower with as much freshness and sweetness as a bunch of blossoms and in a concentrated strength that the short-lived violet often lacks. No gift, as my family kindly shows itself to be aware, is more acceptable to me than a case of Rhine Violet perfume, and some of the excellent and equally delicious violet soap that is also made by Mülhens. The stores and many shops retail "Rhine Violets" of the right brand, but, as imitations abound, and none are in the least comparable to the real thing, care must be taken to see that the maker's name, and his trade-mark, the number 4711, are on the bottles and wrappers, if bought elsewhere than at the head dépôt, 62, New Bond Street. It is a pleasing refinement to allow oneself to become associated in the minds of one's friends with such a delicate and universally liked perfume as the Rhine Violet, and by the aid of sachets for every drawer, stationery-case, and box, with soap and perfume at discretion, this desirable end is achieved. But other scents of the highest excellence can be chosen at 62, New Bond Street—"Rhine Gold," Malmesbury Carnation, and Lily-of-the-Valley being all specialities; while the "4711 Eau de Cologne," of the same maker, is famous and faultless. The cases in leather and other decorative forms, the cut-bottles and dressing-table trinkets on show, make the shop most attractive and well worth a visit in search of a present.

So far as actual beauty is concerned, diamond syndicates might manipulate the market in vain and oyster-fishers go on strike with impunity so long as we have the Parisian Diamond Company's diamonds and pearls to fall back upon. Their pearls are simply perfect. Their productions in diamonds are often as brilliant and beautiful as those of the diamond mine. The perceptible difference is that the Parisian diamonds and pearls, being made to will in the laboratory instead of having to be laboriously sought



A HANDSOME TEA-GOWN.

dull winter days that it is often worth while to light up a rather dark dress with a few touches of red, quite regardless of the effect, on closer inspection, on the complexion. But the bright scarlet of this season, which is identical with hunting pink, appears to be singularly becoming to blondes, provided they have a clear skin and a fair allowance of natural colour. Such a bright red should almost always be toned down with black; revers of Persian lamb, for instance, or a military braiding in black will give the necessary reduction of tone. If only a little coat of scarlet is worn, and the skirt is different (as is a fashionable custom), the colour of the latter must be carefully chosen if anything else than black is indulged in. A very dark green, or a plaid in which dark green and brown or a russet red and black are mingled, will be very suitable. But with all-red dresses black is the only suitable admixture.

A funny little fashion which is creeping in is that of girls wearing a single eye-glass. This is, of course, hopelessly silly if it be done merely for display, except, indeed, that while it is a novelty it will very effectively serve the ultimate purpose of most ornaments—namely, to draw attention to the wearer. This would be a poor advantage compared with the permanent disfigurement that would before very long result from uneven wrinkles on the brow caused by the abnormal contortion of one side of the muscles. But there are some cases in which, if fashion permits the wearing of a single eye-glass, it is a distinct advantage, both hygienically and from the point of view of appearance, to use the monocle. An astonishingly large number of people have the focus of one eye different from that of the other, the result being that the stronger eye does all the work. If the sight be naturally very strong, this may continue for a good many years without any perceptible disadvantage; but sooner or later—and sooner in many cases—the sight partially fails; and when the oculist is applied to, he can only recommend, under present conditions of fashion, having a pair of folders made, in one half of which a plain glass shall be inserted, with the properly ground convex or concave glass in the other.

A tea-jacket, such as that elegant one that Picador has designed for us this week, is a most useful item in the wardrobe. It can be worn for an at-home dinner, or small party quite suitably; and it is eminently fitted for theatre wear at this time of the year, when draughts and the comparative quietness of the dress of the little season make low bodices hardly appropriate for the stalls. The



A CHARMING TEA-JACKET.

beneath the seas or in the earth-workshop of unaided Mother Nature, are infinitely cheaper. The Parisian Diamond Company, having the special secret process for producing their stones at command, had the excellent wisdom to decide to give the artificial diamonds and pearls the fullest advantage of setting. Real gold or silver is always used, and their diamonds are cut, polished, and set *à jour*, not backed with tin-foil, by experienced diamond-workers—men who learned to set the real article, and are as well paid for their present work as they would be for similar

(Continued on Page 886.)



# SPECIAL SALE.

CASH Discount of 10% (2s. in the £).

"The Sale is reported to be a great success.—Moses Moss."—*Truth*, Dec. 1, 1893.

"The Rings are particularly beautiful."—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 19, 1893.

"The Sale is reported to be a great success.—Moses Moss."—*Truth*, Dec. 1, 1893.

"Such an opportunity arises as may not occur again."—*Sketch*, Oct. 19, 1893.

"Just now you could really invest the sum you mention to great advantage at Messrs. J. W. Benson's, 25, Old Bond Street, or Hunt and Roskell's, 156, New Bond Street. They are selling off a West-End Manufacturer's stock; but the opportunity will only extend till Christmas."—*Queen*, Nov. 26, 1893.

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SPECIAL SALE. Cash Discount of 10 % (or 2s. in the £).

Special  
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HUNT & ROSKELL, Ltd., and J. W. BENSON, Ltd., H.M. the QUEEN'S JEWELLERS,  
HAVING BOUGHT FOR CASH A WEST-END MANUFACTURER'S SUPERB STOCK OF JEWELS OF THE FINEST QUALITY,  
VALUED AT OVER £100,000,

CHOICEST CREATIONS OF PARIS AND LONDON, EXPRESSLY MADE FOR OTHER WEST-END SHOPKEEPERS

**FOR CHRISTMAS,**

ON SALE TILL CHRISTMAS, at SPECIALLY LOW, PLAINLY MARKED PRICES, from £5 to £1000.

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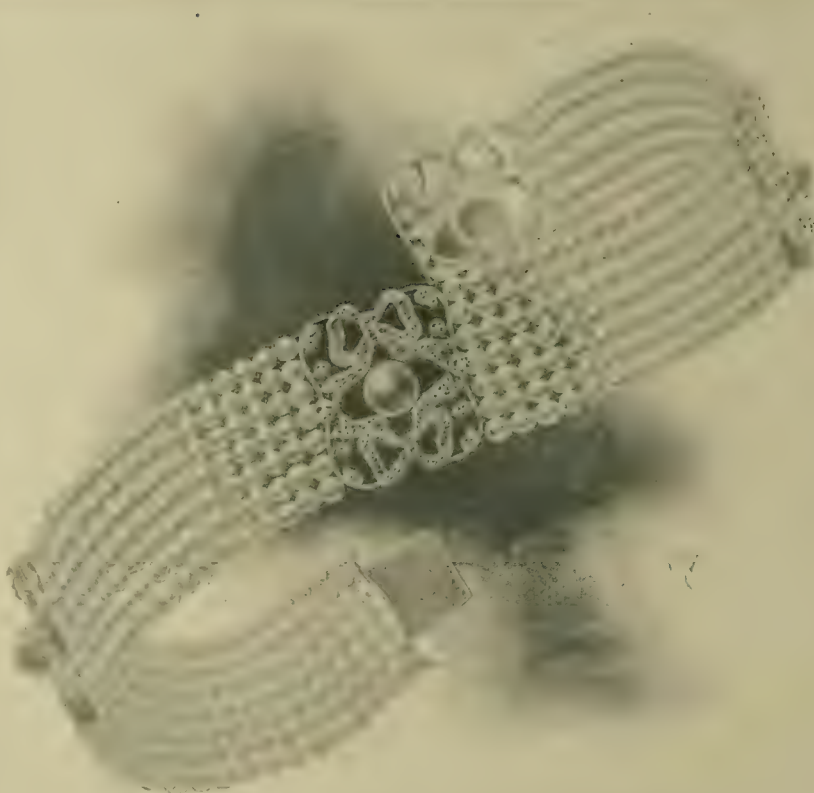
SPECIAL SALE.  
10% DISCOUNT FOR CASH  
(2s. in the £).

HUNT & ROSKELL, Ltd.  
(Late STORR & MORTIMER),  
156, NEW BOND ST., W.



employment on real gems. The designs made up, too, are always of the best. They are reproductions of fine antique models, or of the newest Paris and Amsterdam designs. A perfectly new idea in ornaments is rare, but here they have on show one that is fresh from Paris and absolutely novel. It consists of a short chain of small diamonds, ending in a good-sized ball at each end, which is intended to pass loosely through the centre of a bow of chiffon or ribbon and fall carelessly in the midst of the soft folds. Then there are the newest combs for the hair, lovely "Louis" brooches, charming designs in buckles of various sizes, and the buttons, big and little, in diamonds set in "Empire" designs, that exacting fashion requires to be sported upon cloaks and gowns, as well as on tea-jackets and evening dresses, just now. Large and superb ornaments, furthermore, fit for the wear of the wealthiest women, are produced; for experience teaches that even the owners of historic jewels do not disdain to intermix these perfect imitations with their own, and to substitute entirely the Parisian Diamond Company's manufactures for the family heirlooms in travelling, when so many opportunities are inevitably offered to thieves; hence artistic and massive necklets, such as the beautiful one here depicted, and tiaras, and epaulettes, and corsage ornaments, and even entire fronts, are to be seen at either 85, New Bond Street, or 112, Regent Street. There, however, also are infinite varieties of pretty little brooches, and slides, and buckles, and so on, that would not be beyond the means of *la haute bourgeoisie*, even if real, and may therefore be safely worn by ambitious but not extravagant dames; such are to be had at the cost of a sovereign, or a little more or less, the piece.

Liebig Company's Extract is a household word, the stand-by of the cook and the comfort for cold winter nights of the temperance advocate, as well as the welcome substitute for the wearisome, freshly made beef-tea of the sick-room. Still, the Liebig Company do not rest on their oars of the acknowledged excellence of their production, but offer as tea, gratis and for nothing, from our own



A BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE.—PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

grocer, a Christmas gift of a set of charming illustrated menu-cards, not even mentioning the extract on their faces, but just modestly taking space to hint its virtues on the back. There are several series—the Colonial Forces, Ancient and Modern Banquets, and others; but I fancy most the portraits of Arctic explorers in ice-bound scenes—a delightful contrast to the cozy comfort of the dinner-table!

Messrs. Phillips, of 17 to 22, Mount Street, are rivaling the octopus in their powers of absorbing in their

own line of business. They have now added, to several others previously taken over, the business of Messrs. Greene, of Cannon Street, and have placed the stock of that house on sale at Mount Street, at greatly reduced prices for the next fortnight. Many beautiful things are to be seen and picked up as bargains, and they also offer their own newest stock at a reduction of ten per cent. for the sale.

Are you fond of having music without the trouble of making it? Then the Polyphon Company, of 21, Ely Place, Holborn, will exactly suit your wants. They have a large and varied stock of musical-boxes and mechanical producers of sweet sounds, ranging from the mild-voiced little case, that you must so far assist as to turn its handle, to the splendid "Orchestral Regina" that will perform you the highest range of music, within the compass of seven full octaves, or the fine hall clock that will keep the time o'-day for you, and of its own accord will start to play at each hour, and continue doing so for forty minutes, unless silence is desired before that time, when it will amiably and without any show of resentment or musical vanity hold its peace at once.

Lads too old and intelligent to care for mere toys are catered for by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the well-known opticians, at Holborn Viaduct. They have experimental and mechanical amusements to offer that will just meet such cases. A thermometer or a barometer might be the most acceptable gift possible to some friend, while for all kinds of optical apparatus, including opera and field glasses, this house has, of course, a well-earned reputation.

The value of larger steam fire-engines for the protection of London is being recognised by the County Council, and, after tests made by Commander Wells, R.N., an order has just been passed for a new Merryweather "Gem" engine, capable of delivering over four hundred gallons per minute. Merryweather's engines protect many a country-house from fire.

PHILONA.

# THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.,

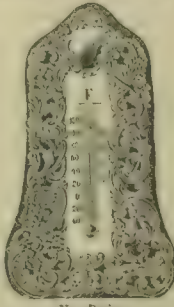
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SUPPLY THE PUBLIC AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

## MODERATE PRICES.



New Patent Pocket Book, Solid Silver Back, with Silver Pencil, £2.

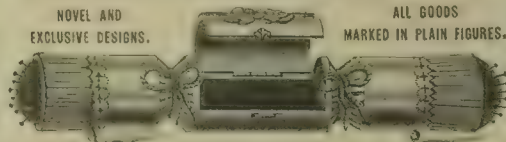


New Design. Solid Silver Mounted Thermometer, 15s.

INSPECTION INVITED OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK IN THE WORLD OF INEXPENSIVE NOVELTIES IN SOLID SILVER, SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

NOVEL AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.



New Design, Regd. No. 324,031. Solid Silver Pincushion and Trunket Box Combination, with Gilt Figures on Lid of Box, £1 19s.

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Solid Silver Mounted Cut Glass Scent Bottle, £1.



Solid Silver Cigar Lighter, Ash Tray, and Cigar Rest Combination, £1 17s. 6d.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SELECTED PARCELS OF GOODS FORWARDED ON APPROVAL.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have through this means the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London Stock, containing all the Latest NOVELTIES, which are not obtainable in Provincial Towns.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

XMAS LIST POST FREE.



Solid Silver Match Box Holder and Ash Tray, with Gadroon Mounts, £2 5s.

LARGEST SELECTION. UNIQUE DESIGNS. MODERATE PRICES.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



New Design, Regd. No. 321,900. Solid Silver Tea Caddy, £1 15s.



New Design. Solid Silver Fern Pot, Richly Pierced, £2 15s.

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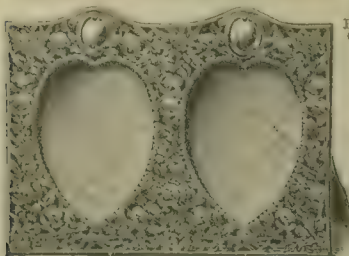


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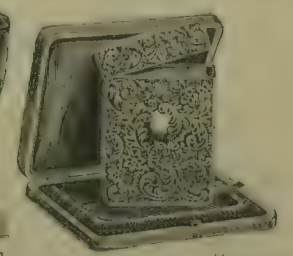


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suitability of their goods for

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and feel assured that an inspection of their Establishment  
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## THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

Three little maids went out one day,  
Out in the rain—the deuce to pay—  
Caught bad colds, as I've heard say,  
Three little maids had coughs.Playing and dancing all are done,  
No more parties, no more fun;  
Life is a choke that's just begun,  
Three little maids with coughs.One little maid in a fit of sneezing,  
Nose all red, the reverse of pleasing,  
Given to any amount of wheezing,  
Three little maids with coughs.One little maid had a cold in her head,  
What can be "horrid"? more  
ill-bred;  
Two little maids retired to their bed,  
Three little maids with coughs.GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES cured all  
three,  
Made them as well as well could be,  
Sure to cure you, and safe to cure me,  
Whenever we get bad coughs.If you cough  
take

Géraudel's Pastilles



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1896), with a codicil (dated Oct. 25, 1898), of Mr. Brice Alan Miller, of 18, Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 27 last, was proved on Nov. 23 by Henry George Walker, Frederick George Lomax, and Taverner Brice Miller, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £170,179. The testator bequeaths £500 to Henry George Walker; £100 each to his nephews, Taverner Brice Miller, Geoffrey Miller, Percy Maurice Miller, and Arthur Evelyn Wood; £2000 and his household furniture, pictures, plate, and domestic effects to his wife; £100 each to his executors; and £2000 to his executors for keeping in repair his house and the contents. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease, upon further trusts, for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 24, 1898) of Mr. James Daniel Morling Pearce, J.P., of Maidenhead, Berks, who died on July 1, was proved on Nov. 23 by John Thomas, George Wethered, and James Edward Pearce, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £93,612. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his executors for the benefit and advantage of the town of Maidenhead; £1000 to the London Temperance Hospital; and £250 each to the United Kingdom Alliance, the Band of Hope Union, and the National Temperance League. He further gives £100, an annuity of £1200, all his household furniture and effects, and the

use, for life, of his residence to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Pearce: fifteen houses at Maidenhead, upon trust, for his son Duncan Pearce; nine other houses, upon trust, for his daughter Emily Pearce; £2000 to his brother, William Samuel Pearce; £1000 between his nephews James, Ebenezer, and Robert Pearce, and his niece Mary Pocock; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son James Edward Pearce, he supporting and maintaining the testator's son Herbert.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 8, 1898) of Mr. Christopher Oakley, of Cromlix, Chislehurst, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Son, and Oakley, surveyors and land agents, 10, Waterloo Place, who died on Oct. 4 last, were proved on Nov. 23 by John Herbert Oakley and Christopher Percival Oakley, the sons, and William Robert Lloyd Jones, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,707. The testator bequeaths £250 to the Incorporated Auctioneers' Benevolent Society; £100 each to his executors, his sister Caroline, and his brothers William and Charles; £100 each to his children; and legacies to clerks, servants, and others. He gives his interest in the goodwill of his business to his sons John and Christopher, but they are to be debited with £2000 each as the value thereof in the distribution of his residuary estate. They are also to have the option of purchase, at a price to be fixed by the President of the Institute of Surveyors, of his house, No. 10, Waterloo Place. The residue of his

property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children; sums of money already given to or settled on them on their marriages are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated June 19, 1893) of Mr. Hastings Nathaniel Middleton, J.P., D.L., of Bradford Peverell, Dorset, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Nov. 25 by Hastings Burton Middleton, the son, the Rev. Francis Sterry, the son-in-law, and William Fisher, the grandson, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £84,100. The testator devises all his real estate to his son, Hastings Burton Middleton. He bequeaths £100 each to the Dorset County Hospital, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Augusta Emily Sterry; £500 to his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Goodford; £500 each to the five sons of the Rev. Osmond Fisher; £50 each to the Rev. Francis Sterry, William Fisher, Henry George Middleton Kirby, Herbert Foster, and Richard Middleton Hill; an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Frances Smith, and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 22, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 24, 1898), of Dame Hannah Ogg, of Oakfield, South Dulwich, wife of Sir William Anderson Ogg, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Nov. 23 by Major-General John Macdonald, Edmund George Lawrence, and Clement John



# WARING'S

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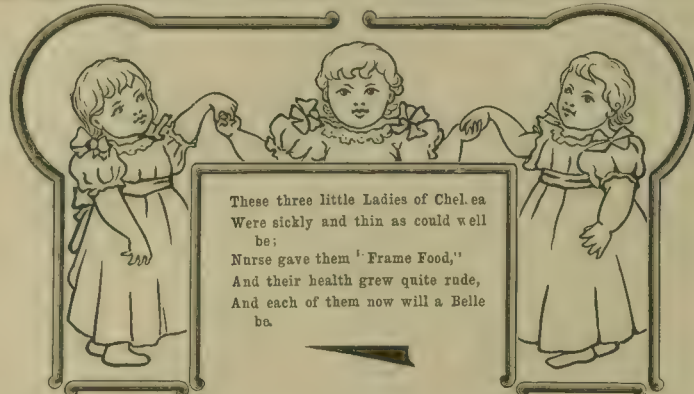
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In Beautiful Designs,  
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... THE EXQUISITE ADAMS BROCADE IN ...  
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3.9 a Yard. 52 inches wide.

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FREE  
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These three little Ladies of Chelsea  
Were sickly and thin as could well  
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Nurse gave them 'Frame Food,'  
And their health grew quite rude,  
And each of them now will a Belle  
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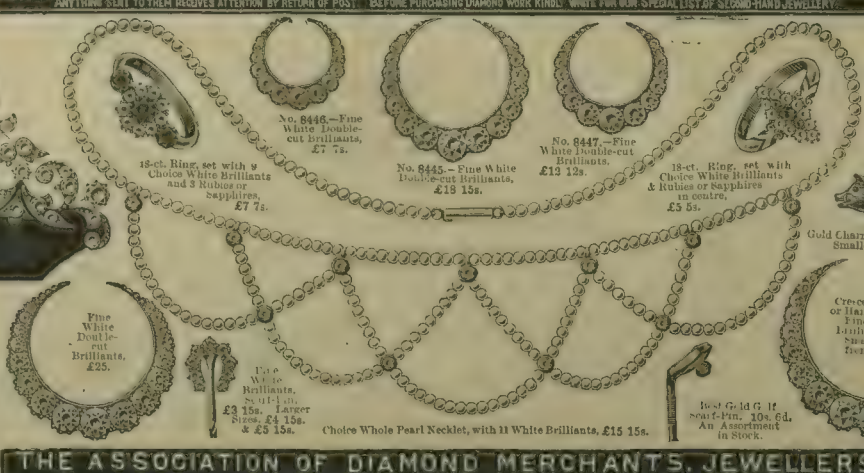
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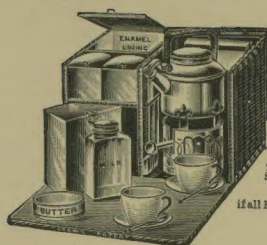




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*From the Drawing by Hal Hurst.*





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**DREW'S PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKET.**  
2-Person Size, with Silver-Plated Kettle,  
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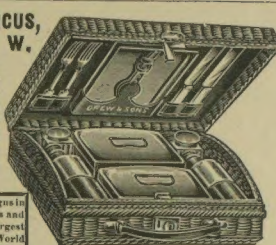
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New Design, Very Plain Light, 14 in. long by 12 in. wide & 4 in. deep. All Fittings Silver-Plated & Draw's best work throughout.  
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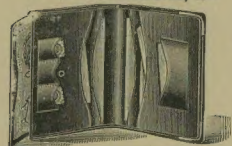


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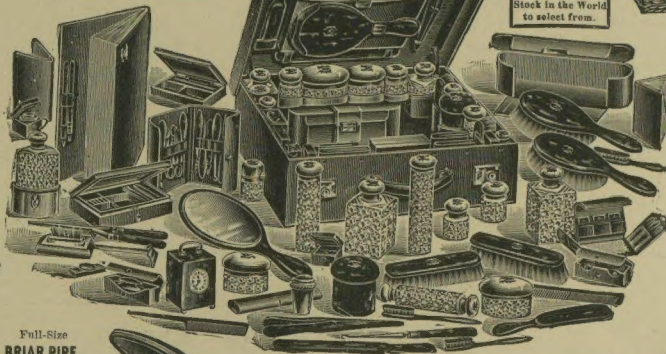


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Similar Clock in all Silver,  
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Polished Golden Crocodile, Lined Calf, 4 Silver Corners, 30/-  
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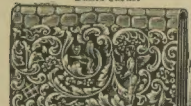


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Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA,  
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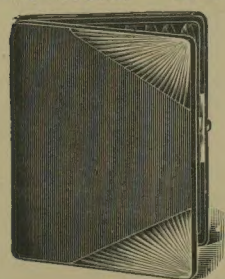
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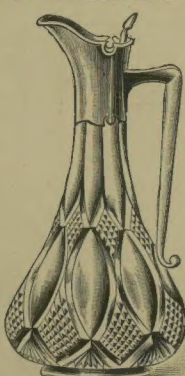
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Morocco ... 42s. ... 45s. ... 48s.  
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Louis XVI. Registered Design Solid Silver Hair-Brush, Medium Size, £1 8s.; Large Size, £1 16s.; Hand Mirror, £3 12s.

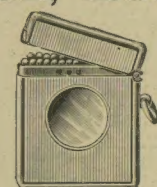
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**NEW DEPARTMENTS FOR CLOCKS & WATCHES**



Solid Silver Richly Chased 8-Day Lever Clock, fine quality movement, £5 18s.; Case 15s. extra.

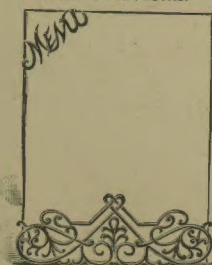


Solid Silver Chased and Pierced Sweetmeat-Dish, New Design, Boat Shape, 4 1/2 in., £1 5s.; 7 1/2 in., £2; 9 in., £3.

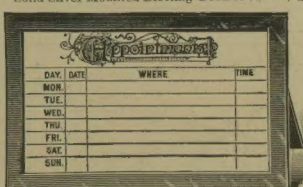
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220, REGENT ST., & 66, CHEAPSIDE.



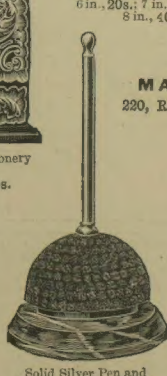
Solid Silver Richly Chased Fern-Pot, 55s.



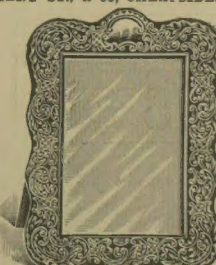
Solid Silver Mounted Porcelain Menu Slate, 18s.



Plain Solid Silver Appointment Frame, with Porcelain Slate, 30s.



Solid Silver Pen and Pen-Brush on Connemara Marble Base, 15s.



Solid Silver Chased Cabinet Photo Frame, 20s.



Corinthian Column Candlestick, Solid Silver, Per Pair, Height, 6 1/2 in., £5 5s.; 8 1/2 in., £6 0s.; 10 1/2 in., £7 0s.

**220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's); & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**



Lawrence, the executors, the value of the estate being £45,647. She bequeaths £100 each to the Hove Lying-in Institution and Dispensary for Women and Girls, the Relief Fund for Sick and Distressed Persons, Hove, the Throat and Ear Hospital, Hove, the Sussex County Hospital, and the Hove Dispensary; £10,000, all her jewels, and one half of her furniture to Louisa Emily Goldsmith; £1000 to her husband; £800 to Julia Baker; £500 each to her executors; £500 each to Ellie Peacey and Daisy Pasko, and other legacies. She devises her house in Eaton Gardens, Hove, with the remainder of her furniture, to John Alfred Maurice for life, and then to his children. The residue of her property she leaves to John Alfred Maurice, Richard Thelwall Maurice, Laura de Montinart, and Louisa Emily Goldsmith, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 14, 1890) of Mr. Frederick Ricardo, of 40, Onslow Square, South Kensington, who

died on Oct. 10, was proved on Nov. 26 by George March and Henry Vincent Higgins, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,911. The testator gives £1000, his leasehold house with the furniture and effects therein, and his freehold coach-house and stables in Alveston Mews, Roland Gardens, to his wife; and £200 each to his executors, and his nephew, Colonel Frederick Charles Keyser, C.B. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Ricardo, he appoints the funds of two settlements, upon trust, in equal shares for his two daughters, Gertrude Pauline, the wife of Baron de Nixon, and Mary Stephanie Ricardo. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as to one moiety each, upon trust, for his two daughters, but his daughter Gertrude Pauline is to account for the sum of £20,000, already settled on her.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1876) of Lieutenant-General Charles William Tremeneere, C.B., R.E., of 1, Porchester

Square, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Nov. 29 by Mrs. Camilla Eliza Tremeneere, the widow, and Seymour Greig Tremeneere, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,302. The testator devises all his real and leasehold property, and under the powers of the will of his uncle, Henry Pendarves Tremeneere, appoints certain freehold property at Penzance to his son Seymour Greig Tremeneere. He bequeaths £300 and his household furniture to his wife, and leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then between his children, Mary Agnes, Maud Caroline, William Borlase, and George Herbert, his two sons, Seymour Greig and James Henry Apperley, each otherwise provided for.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1893), of Lady Caroline Mary Cust, of 2, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, a daughter of the first Earl Brownlow, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schleitz, who died on Aug. 29

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NO DARK ROOM NEEDED.  
LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

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**POCKET**  
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Haydal Fire Reviver; it is only the size of your little  
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last, was proved on Nov. 18 by Sir Reginald John Cust and the Hon. Mary Katherine Onslow, the niece, the executors, the value of the estate being £2999. She bequeaths a water-colour painting by de Wint to her nephew, Ernest Richard Charles Cust; and her jewels, furs, pictures and plate, and such part of her furniture as she may select, to her niece, the Hon. Mary Katherine Onslow. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for Elizabeth Annie Digan, if she shall be living with the testatrix at the time of her death, and subject thereto to Cicely Frances Smith.

The will (dated July 13, 1888) of Dame Laura Olliffe, of 95, Sloane Street, widow of Sir Joseph Francis Olliffe, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Nov. 15 by the Right Hon. Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.,

and Hugh Bell, the sons-in-law and executors, the value of the estate being £13,529. The testatrix gives her jewels, furniture, and household effects, and her interest in 95, Sloane Street, to her daughters Elizabeth Laura Olliffe and Ethelreda Sophie Olliffe; £20 to her servant, Mary Jones, and an annuity of £80 to her brother-in-law, Washington Olliffe, for life, and at his death annuities of £40 each to her daughters Lady Mary Lascelles and Mrs. Florence Bell. The residue of her property she leaves, upon various trusts, for her daughters Elizabeth Laura and Ethelreda Sophie. Any property she may succeed to or have a general power of appointment over, after the date of her will, she leaves, upon like trusts, for her four daughters.

The will of Sir Charles Henry Pennell, of Chine Hall,

Boscombe, formerly Chief Clerk at the Admiralty, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 26 by Henry Cholmondeley Pennell and Arthur Francis Pennell, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £3201.

The will of Mrs. Mary Kingsford Mudie, widow of Mr. C. E. Mudie, the founder of the circulating library that bears his name, of Budleigh, Marlsfield Gardens, Hampstead, who died on Oct. 15, has been proved by Henry Maggs Cooke and Kingsford Pawling, the executors, the value of the estate being £5681.

The will of Colonel Edward Meurant, of 32, Nevorn Square, Earl's Court, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Meurant, the widow and executrix, the value of the estate being £2188.

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